828·7
Rog / Rec
66462.

00066462

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY-400 001.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 04 April, 2016

RECOLLECTIONS.

BY

SAMUEL ROGERS.

66462
ac.

I - E - 11

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS,
AND ROBERTS.
1859.

00066462

NOTICE BY THE EDITOR.

THE Recollections which form the contents of the present volume were left by Mr. Rogers in manuscript, but in a state which showed they were intended for publication.

It appears that from his first entering into Society he noted down the conversation or remarks of those among his intimate friends in whose company he took the greatest pleasure; and subsequently, as these notes increased, and he felt they might become generally interesting, he proceeded, from time to time, to extract and collect those parts which he thought most worthy of perusal by others.

In some cases the selection of the materials, though begun by him, was left incom-

plete at his death. He had, however, pointed out by memoranda the names of the Individuals whose conversation he intended should form the collection, and the order in which they should stand.

There is an entry in his Note Book, in his own handwriting, in the following words: "Fox, Burke, Grattan, Porson, Tooke, "Talleyrand, Erskine, Walter Scott, Lord "Grenville, Duke of Wellington." By this and numerous other indications he has sufficiently shown the course he wished should be followed; and a short preface, written by him as an introduction to the Recollections, makes clear his intention that they should not always remain unpublished.

Of the persons abovenamed, Mr. Burke was the only one with whom Mr. Rogers was not intimately acquainted, and whose conversation was not taken down by him from personal communication. He only knew

Mr. Burke as a public man, and was indebted to friends for the Recollections of him included in this work.

With a view of rendering these Memorials as valuable as circumstances will allow, as well as of carrying out Mr. Rogers's apparent design, the Editor has, in addition to the extracts which he found already made from the Diaries, selected some further passages in connection with the persons named which appear of sufficient interest to be preserved, and which had probably been omitted owing to the extracts not having been completed. In doing this it is possible he has introduced some parts which Mr. Rogers might not have thought important enough to be put in print. It is hoped, however, that the Reader will not complain of the introduction of a few sentences which the Author may have left out, through accident or extreme caution; but to which the lapse

of time has now given a value. The most extensive of the additions so made are the anecdotes of Burke by Dr. Lawrence, and a few of the miscellaneous remarks by the Duke of Wellington at p. 216 and the following pages.

Mr. Rogers, at times, no doubt intended that the Recollections should be published in his lifetime, and perhaps at a period when some of the persons described were living. Accidental circumstances, or further consideration, however, prevented the fulfilment of this intention; and caused him to leave to his Executors the agreeable task of laying these pages before the Public: a pleasure which has been kindly yielded to the Editor by his Brother and Co-executor. The Editor therefore feels that by the course he is now taking, he is only discharging a duty which he owes to the deceased; and he believes that the death of all the parties whose conversation is recorded, and the distance,

in time, of the events described, will justify the introduction of more than could have been so well admitted at an earlier period.

Although it may be thought that the following Memorials want the point and interest that so often enliven contemporary memoirs, yet it is hoped they will be valued on other grounds. It will be obvious to all who knew Mr. Rogers well that they are in strict accordance with the best parts of his mind and character. Nothing has been allowed by him to stand that has any approach to personal scandal or to matters of merely temporary interest; except in a few instances there is but little reference to the politics of the day in which they were written; many passages, open to objection on some of these grounds, that had found their way into the original notes, were omitted from the corrected copy; and the Writer, who had the amplest choice of subjects, has shown by the Recollections he has preserved that the con-

versation he thought most worthy of being put on record was that connected chiefly with literary subjects, or with incidents and remarks having for other reasons a permanent value. The Editor trusts they will be thought to afford agreeable and faithful pictures of many Individuals with whom the Reader will be glad to be more intimately acquainted.

Mr. Rogers so often referred in conversation to these remembrances of the anecdotes and opinions of his early friends, that many of them have been repeated by others either verbally or in print, and may at first glance appear familiar to the reader. But they have been so frequently, and so much, altered in repetition, that it seems not improper to give them entire, in the very words in which they were left, with that truth of expression and in that concise and colloquial style in which Mr. Rogers delighted to write his journals.

It may add to the interest and value of the Recollections, if, before their perusal, attention is shortly called to some of the principal events and dates in the private life of the writer of them.

Samuel Rogers was born in the month of August 1763, the third son of a London Banker, whose immediate ancestors were of a Worcestershire family, and members of the Church of England; while through his Mother he was descended from one of the Ejected Ministers of the reign of Charles the 2nd. It is, no doubt, to his maternal descent that he alludes in the following lines, introduced into the notes on the poem of Italy:—

" What though his Ancestors, early or late,
" Were not ennobled by the breath of kings;
" Yet in his veins was running at his birth
" The blood of those most eminent of old

" For wisdom, virtue—those who would renounce
" The things of this world for their conscience' sake."

* * * * * *

From his Mother, who was taken from him in his early youth, and of whom he always spoke in terms of the greatest admiration and affection, he imbibed a love of the intrinsically good which guided him on many an after occasion. And in one of his elder Brothers, whom he lost soon after he attained to manhood, and to whose memory he addressed those beautiful lines in the first part of the Pleasures of Memory beginning,

" Oh thou! with whom my heart was wont to share,
" From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each care,"

he had an example of virtue and good sense which strengthened his character and by which he profited through life.

His Father and Mother were Dissenters, and he was brought up in their persuasion; and always through life, when occasion required an expression on the subject, he described himself as a Presbyterian; though he never obtrusively put forward his opinions on religion, and often expressed himself as desirous of forgetting any little differences of creed, and of uniting with the virtuous of all sects and parties in one religion of Christian Love.

It is well known that Mr. Rogers was in politics a Whig; but in choice of friends he did not confine himself to any party; and from the time when he first became known as a writer, and entered much into society, associated most intimately with persons of all parties.

Although introduced when very young into his Father's business, his love of poetry was shown early. Long before he was

twenty he had put upon paper many lines which afforded promise of his subsequent performances. His first published poem, the "Ode to Superstition," was begun before he was of Age; and the "Pleasures of Memory" appeared while he was still a working partner in the Bank.

Having lost his Father in 1793, whose death-bed he has touchingly alluded to in his "Lines written in a Sick Chamber," and, having united with him in business his younger Brother Henry, he soon afterwards retired from all active management of the affairs of the Banking House, and never resumed it. He quitted his paternal residence at Newington Green, where he was born, and had spent the whole of his early life, and, after living a short time in chambers in the Temple, he removed, about 1803, to a house in St. James's Place, looking into the Green Park. This house he had altered and nearly

rebuilt according to his own taste; and in it he resided until his death, on the 18th of December, 1855.

He has been heard to describe how, on some occasion after the death of his Father, he detected himself making a calculation as to the amount he might expect to accumulate if he continued to devote his whole time to the pursuit of wealth; and he was so shocked by the idea of being influenced by such motives, that he determined to desist from active business, and to attend to it henceforth only occasionally, or when matters of importance made the assistance of his judgment desirable in the affairs of the Bank: a resolution to which he subsequently adhered.

This resolution gave him leisure to adopt, and indulge in, those pursuits which were more congenial to his taste and judgment; and to foster that love which, in the conclusion to his poem of Italy, he has described

himself as having been gifted with by Nature :—

" A passionate love for music, sculpture, painting,
" For poetry, the language of the gods,
" For all things here or grand or beautiful,
" A setting sun, a lake among the mountains,
" The light of an ingenuous countenance,
" And what transcends them all, a generous action."

With what success he profited by these gifts, and improved the advantages which he has thus described, it must be left to others to decide. His published works, and the reputation he enjoyed through a long life for taste in literature and the fine arts, and for genuine and unobtrusive benevolence, will assist in arriving at a correct opinion, which, it is hoped, will not be unfavourable.

The time occupied in the composition of each of his several works was considerable, as he was always ready to acknowledge. He pursued a practice, which he often recom-

mended to others, of laying by his poems for a length of time after they were written, in order to reconsider them again and again, before thinking them complete. In illustration of this custom, it may be mentioned, that in his Common Place Book is the following entry, giving the dates of publication of his various works, his own age at the time, and the number of years occupied in the composition and revision of each. These particulars are here given in his own words:—

Date of Publication.		*Time.*	*Age.*
1785	Ode	2 years	22
1792	P. of M.	7 „	29
1798	Epistle	6 „	35
1812	Columbus	14 „	49
1813	Jacqueline	1 „	50
1819	Human Life	6 „	56
1834	Italy	15 „	71

From the year 1834, when, as he has thus described, he completed his last important

work, until his death, he had frequent occupation, while his health allowed, in preparing for the press the repeated issues that were called for almost annually of his previously published volumes. After 1834 he wrote no poem of length, though he often introduced new lines and stanzas, or trifling alterations in the successive editions of his works. These changes or additions consisted in part of poetry; but the greater portion of his attention in the latter years of his life, as far as related to his own productions, was given to the notes to his Italy, which he made a medium of recording his thoughts and sentiments on various subjects in connection with the poem. In these notes he took great interest; and the style of them, and the nature of the information conveyed, may be considered as approved by his mature judgment.

As a proof of the opinion entertained to a

late period of his life of the continuance of his powers of mind, and of his taste and judgment in poetry, it may be mentioned that on the death of Mr. Wordsworth in the year 1850, the post of Laureate was offered to him by Her Majesty. This offer, made in a letter from Prince Albert, was in such gratifying terms as to require great strength of mind, and self-denial, on the part of Mr. Rogers to refuse it. He felt, however, that his time of life was so advanced, for he was then 87, as made it imperative on him to decline the honour intended him; and on this ground alone, and after a considerable struggle, he communicated his refusal to His Royal Highness. The appointment was afterwards conferred by Her Majesty on Mr. Tennyson.

The following pages are not the production of that part of Mr. Rogers's life to which allusion has just been made; but,

although written at earlier periods, they have the sanction of his later years; as, until a short time before his death, it was his habit to refer to them frequently, and occasionally to select or arrange parts of them with a view to future publication. They will be interesting as showing who were among his most valued friends, and what conversation he thought most worthy of being remembered, during that time of his life when his faculties were the strongest, and when, from his mixing most in society, he had the widest field to gather from. And, although they are but few and short, yet the existence of them in manuscript has been so often made known to his intimate friends, and they are so characteristic of the mind and thoughts of the Writer, that it is believed that the publication of them may be felt as not entirely unlooked for; and it is hoped they may be favourably received as a slight

contribution to the biography of a generation that has now passed away.

The extreme conciseness of some parts of the Recollections often seems to render explanation necessary; and the Editor has therefore ventured to add occasional notes, containing dates or other references, which, it is hoped, may assist in making clear some otherwise obscure passages. These notes are, however, very imperfect, and additions might be made to them with advantage, as there are still several passages which the Editor has not been able to clear up, but which it is believed that further search, or a more intimate acquaintance with parties named, might assist in explaining. For the information conveyed in several of these Notes he is indebted to the suggestions of Friends; an

obligation he begs to acknowledge with gratitude.

The few Notes by Mr. Rogers are distinguished by his initials, S. R., which he had in many places subscribed to them himself.

William Sharpe.

Highbury Terrace,
May, 1859.

CONTENTS.

Page

PREFACE by Samuel Rogers 3

RECOLLECTIONS.

Charles James Fox 7

Edmund Burke 81

Henry Grattan 93

Richard Porson 115

John Horne Tooke 127

Prince Talleyrand 153

Lord Erskine 163

Sir Walter Scott 171

Lord Grenville 177

Duke of Wellington 195

RECOLLECTIONS.

PREFACE

(BY SAMUEL ROGERS).

LORD Clarendon was often heard to say that, next to the blessing of Almighty God, he owed all the little he knew and the little good that was in him to the friendships and conversation of the most excellent men; and he always charged his children to follow his example; protesting that in the whole course of his life he never knew one man, of what condition soever, arrive at any degree of reputation in the world, who delighted in the company of those who were not superior to himself.—CLARENDON'S *Memoirs of his own Life.*[1]

[1] Abridged from a passage in the Life of Lord Clarendon, written by himself, 3rd edit. vol. i. p. 29.

That such has been my practice through life, if not with the same success, these pages can testify. By many they will be thought of little value; but some may think otherwise. The principal speakers here were men most eminent in their day; the transactions in which they bore a part have now become history; and some, who were then unborn, may not be unwilling to pass an hour or two in their company, to hear them talk as they did, when they were most at their ease—in a morning-walk or in an evening by the fire-side—and to share in what so few, even of their contemporaries, had the privilege of enjoying.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

I am well aware that these scraps of conversation have little to recommend them, but as serving to shew his playfulness, his love of letters, and his good nature in unbending himself to a young man. They were read by his Nephew with tears in his eyes.—S. R.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

Seen him I have, but in his happier hour.
POPE, Epilogue to Satires.

DINED at William Smith's,[1] March 19th, 1796, with him [Fox], Dr. Parr,[2] Tierney,[3] Courtney,[4] Sir Francis Baring,[5] Dr. Aikin,[6] Mackintosh,[7] and Francis.[8] Sheridan[9] sent an excuse.

[1] M.P. for Norwich, and for many years champion of the rights of the Dissenters in the House of Commons.

[2] Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D.

[3] George Tierney, afterwards a Privy Councillor and Treasurer of the Navy, and since Master of the Mint.

[4] Probably John Courtenay, Secretary to Lord Townshend while Lord Lieutenant of Ireland: a Commissioner of the Treasury in 1806.

[5] Father of Alexander Baring, afterwards Lord Ashburton.

[6] John Aikin, a physician: of liberal politics: author of very numerous works in science and general literature: principal author of Aikin's General Biography. Mrs. Barbauld was his sister.

[7] Afterwards Sir James Mackintosh.

[8] Sir Philip Francis. [9] Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Delighted with his fine tact, his feeling, open, and gentlemanlike manner; so full of candour and diffidence, and entering with great ardour and interest into the conversation.

Francis was an idolator of Don Quixote; Fox said he had not formerly admired it so much. Read Spanish, and had acquired it with great ease, by means of the Italian partly. Had read the other works of Cervantes, and Quevedo, who was very difficult.

Admired Gray's fragment on Government,[1] but not so highly as Courtney, who thought it the *first* 100 lines in the language, and quoted, "Oft o'er the trembling nations." Thought he could find better in the Religio Laici[2]—and the Traveller, from which he quoted—"And wondering man could want a larger pile,"[3] &c. —preferred that poem to the Deserted Village.

Was disappointed by Schiller's Robbers.

[1] Fragment of an Essay on the Alliance of Education and Government: sent by Gray to Dr. Wharton in a letter dated 19th Aug. 1748. See Gray's Memoirs, by Mason.

[2] Dryden.

[3] "And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile."
Goldsmith's Traveller.

When I hinted its having been suggested by Massinger's Guardian, he remembered it instantly, and said he should read it again.

Thought Massinger underrated and neglected —had always admired him greatly, and preferred him much to Beaumont and Fletcher.

Quoted largely from the Hind and Panther,[4] and particularly with great emphasis Dryden's "Happy the man, and happy he alone,"[5] which he preferred to the original of Horace. Was fonder of Dryden than Pope.

Thought Pope's Eloisa to Abelard "about half and half;" and particularly disliked "Give all thou canst," &c.; and "Oh! make me mistress to the man I love," only a common vulgar sentiment, and not as it is in her letters "the wife of Abelard." Eloisa much greater in her letters than Pope had made her.

Liked the Rape of the Lock and Prologue to

[4] Dryden.

[5] A verse in the paraphrase, by Dryden, of the 29th Ode of the 3rd Book of Horace, beginning

"Tyrrhena regum progenies."

In the editions of Dryden's Works which I have seen, it is said (erroneously) to be a paraphrase of the 29th Ode of the 1st Book.

Cato; but above all the Messiah. Thought the Sylphs the prettiest things in the world.

Admired the flow of Dryden's verse, which does not end with the Rhyme.

After recording the good as well as the bad qualities of Addison, the last couplet is very faulty—why laugh if there be such a man, why weep if it be Atticus?—The name cannot add anything to our regret.[1]

When Francis said that Wilberforce, if it was left to him to decide whether Pitt should go out of office for ten months and the Slave-trade be abolished for ever, or Pitt remain in—with the Slave-trade, would decide for Pitt—"Yes," said Fox, "I'm afraid he would be for Barabbas."

[1] This criticism will be better understood after reading the lines in question, on the character of Addison, in Pope's Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, lines 193, &c; in which Addison is described under the name of Atticus:—

"Peace to all such! but were there One whose fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;

Mentioned the extreme uneasiness he felt, when he spent even a single day in a town where he did not know the language. "You are imposed upon," says Tierney, "without even the satisfaction of knowing it." "Not only that," says Fox.

He reads all the Novels.

Thought Iphigénia the English for Iphigenía, as Virgil is for Virgilius.

"I should not care," said he, "if I was condemned never to stir beyond a mile from St. Anne's hill for the rest of my life."

Very fond of the society of boys; as also Mrs. Armstead.[2] They have them over from Eton.[3]

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n Fools, by Flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little Senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While Wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he?"

[2] Afterwards Mrs. Fox.

[3] "I called yesterday on Fox at St. Anne's, and found

Dined with him at Serjeant Heywood's, 10th Dec. 1796. Present Lord Derby, Lord Stanley, Lord Lauderdale, Wm. Smith, Dr. Aikin, * * * Member for Durham, and Brogden.

I always say, and always think, that of all the countries in Europe, England will be the last to be free. Russia will be free before England. The Russians know no better, and knowledge might and would operate on them to good; but the English have the knowledge and the slavery too.

Property will always have its influence. Were all the Landed men in the Country to unite in a mass, you will say that they might effect anything. Their income is twenty-five millions; but the King's is the same, and though part merges in the interest of the debt, still you will grant it has its influence.

him drawing a pond to please an Eton boy, a son of the Bishop of Down. I told him he was committing a double crime, killing the poor fish and ruining Coss, for Coss has a perpetual holyday there. He left off, and we had some talk on the times. He has no hope."

Lord Erskine to S. R. July 17th, 1798.

[Dr. Dickson, Bishop of Down and Connor, was an intimate friend of Fox. Their intimacy began at Eton, and lasted till the bishop's death in 1804.]

A man must have a grand want of right feeling and right thinking, who does not like popularity, who does not wish the people about him, and for and with whom he acts, to be in good humour with him.[1]

I love establishments, and love law; but I detest the priests and the lawyers.

Were I to be tried, I would as soon be at the mercy of the bishops as the judges; though the Archbishop of Armagh said to me twenty-five years ago—"Take care. The bishops would burn you if they could."

A great man, who knew them both, told me,

[1] "His interest, his power, even his darling popularity." *Burke, on Mr. Fox's East India Bill.* S. R.

[I give the sentence entire from Mr. Burke's Speech in support of the Bill (House of Commons, 1 Dec. 1783), in order to show the opinion he *then* entertained of Mr. Fox. After praising the Bill, and saying he would leave its author to his own noble sentiments but for the unworthy and illiberal language with which he had been treated, he continued thus:—

"He has put to hazard his ease, his security, his interest, his power, even his darling popularity, for the benefit of a people whom he has never seen. This is the road that all heroes have trod before him, &c."—*Parl. Hist.* XXIII, 1384.

The Bill was rejected by the House of Lords.]

"The zeal of Kenyon will go as far as the corruption of Buller"[1]—but I cannot ascribe to Kenyon zeal alone.

Treated Political Œconomy lightly. Said France had drawn her political knowledge from England—"We knew nothing on that subject till Adam Smith wrote," said Lord Lauderdale. —"Poh," says Fox, "your Adam Smiths are nothing:—But that is his Love," says Fox, speaking of Lauderdale; "we must spare him there." "I think," says Lauderdale, "it is everything." "That," says Fox, "is a great proof of your affection."[2]

"I wish I was Member for Westminster," said Lord L. "And I wish I was a Scotch Peer," said Fox. "Why so?"—"I should then be disqualified."

Did not admire any of Milton's verse; thought it inverted and artificial, though the defect is less visible in the grand parts; particularly liked

[1] At this time Lord Kenyon was Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and Buller was a Judge of the Common Pleas.

[2] Lord Lauderdale afterwards published a work on this subject: "Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Public Wealth," &c. by the Earl of Lauderdale; *Edin.* 1804.

" Fame, that last infirmity of noble minds,"[3] and the Sonnet to Skinner.[4]

Admired a poem just published, " The Pleader's Guide,"[5] and wished me to read it.

In raptures with the Bath Guide, the best and almost only good thing of Anstey; and spoke of that species of verse as remarkably easy, consisting principally of words of three syllables, one of which is dropped in heroic verse, being fully pronounced.

The French verse very bad; as every syllable, except where there is a feminine termination, should be pronounced *equally*, which cannot be in the French verse; and therefore it continually tortures the ear.

[3] See Lycidas, line 70, *et seq.*

" Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life."

[4] There are two Sonnets to Cyriack Skinner, the 21st and 22nd of Milton's Sonnets.

[5] By Christopher Anstey, the author of the Bath Guide.

Admires two songs particularly in Aikin's collection,[1] but could never learn the names ("Now see my Goddess," &c. p. 133, and "'Tis not the liquid brightness of those eyes.") Never much admired that song of G. Cooper's, "Away, let nought to love displeasing."

Thought poetry "the great refreshment of the human mind," the only thing after all;—that not a sum of arithmetic could be cast up at first without the aid of poetry. That men first found out they had minds by making and tasting poetry. That Lauderdale was the only man he ever knew, (he did not mean to pay him a compliment) who thought rightly on many things, without the love of poetry.

Fox said he would *never* attack the judicature without Erskine's assistance, as his absence would be urged against him. Nor would he have attacked the Army department, if poor Burgoyne[2] had been alive, without his countenance. "The

[1] Essays on Song-writing, with a Collection of English Songs, by Dr. Aikin.

[2] General John Burgoyne commanded a part of the English army during the American war; signed the convention of Saratoga in October, 1777. M.P. for several years previous to his death, in 1792.

time will come," said Lord L. "when you must fight for your skin, without waiting for any man."—"When those times come, by God, I will do nothing. This I have always said, and will say—'You will find me *suffering* and not *doing*.'"

Everything is to be found in Homer.

Admired parts of Paley's Moral Philosophy, and particularly a grand passage or two on Public Worship. Had looked over his other works but slightly.

Had read the Monk, a novel just published by Lewis; thought it clever.

Much pleased with a song of Parnell's, "My days have been so wondrous free,"[3] particularly the two first verses, which he repeated. Missed it in Aikin's Collection.

[3] Love and Innocence, a song, by Parnell.

"My days have been so wond'rous free,
The little birds, that fly
With careless ease from tree to tree,
Were but as bless'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their stream?
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent one sigh to them?"

Rather liked Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo; and admired Lorenzo's poetry, who, he said, was certainly a good poet; as well as a great man. Particularly struck with an image of Jealousy[1] in one of his poems, I. 268.

Talked much of Agriculture, and of the new method of draining lands, by means of boring them.

Justified Roscoe's "Nearly two centuries[2] saw" as a loose way of writing, and not properly a metaphor.

Detested such as Johnson's "Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign"[3]—and not less the

[1] "Solo una vecchia in un oscuro canto,
Pallida, il sol fuggendo, si sedea,
Tacita sospirando, ed un ammanto
D'un incerto color cangiante havea:
Cento occhi ha in testa, e tutti versan pianto
E cent' orecchie la maligna dea:
Quel ch' è, quel che non è, trista ode e vede:
Mai dorme, ed ostinata a se sol crede."

[2] I have not been able to find this expression in Roscoe's works. Perhaps a more diligent inquirer might be more fortunate.

[3] Prologue spoken by Garrick at the opening of Drury Lane, 1747;—written by Johnson:—

"When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose;

second line, "And panting time toiled after him in vain," as not only inelegant, but contrary to our ideas of time, which is generally represented as swift.

Met him (June, 1798) on a pony at the park-gate, Penshurst, in a fustian shooting jacket and a white hat. Mrs. Armstead was in a whiskey. He seemed much pleased with the house; but had no wish to ride over the park, having seen enough from the road.

When he first comes to town in Winter, he devotes two or three days to seeing sights and lion-hunting.

When Courtenay was walking in his garden at St. Anne's, he asked for the kitchen garden;—"You are now in the midst of it," replied Fox; it is intermixed with the shrubs and flowers, and plays its part among them.

> Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
> Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
> Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
> And panting time toil'd after him in vain," &c.

I hardly think the world in general confirms Mr. Fox's criticism of these lines.

Mrs. Armstead, when he returns fretted in an evening, takes down a volume of Don Quixote or Gilblas, and reads him into tranquillity.

1802, October 19th, Paris. Walked up and down the Picture Gallery with Mr. and Mrs. Fox. He was pleased with Madame Le Brun's portrait of Lady Hamilton, and said it had the true Bolognese tint.

N. Poussin the only Painter who purposely omitted to do what he could. In his landscapes brilliant, in his historical pictures dead—certainly intended them to represent antient ones.

Le Sueur's History of St. Bruno.[1] Spoke of it with great warmth.—Poussin's deluge!—Not such an admirer of Claude.—Guercino's circumcision. Dominichino his great favourite.—Annibal Carracci: very fond of him.

Thought Metastasio's Poem on the death of Abel the best of the last century.

Read Homer, as Mrs. Fox said, more than any other writer.

[1] A series of pictures, by Le Sueur, of events in the life of St. Bruno. They are now in the Louvre, though probably at the time of Mr. Fox's visit in the Luxembourg.

Neither Homer nor Virgil mention the singing of Birds.[2]

Thought the idea of collecting these fine things from all parts of the world a noble one, and believed it was conceived by Bonaparte. Said it was a delightful walk, but by some impulse of the mind, one always looked at the same pictures. Had not been there for three weeks.

The French had a right to these spoils of a conquered Country.

Looked out of the Gallery Window, and thought the sun was burning up his turnips.

Oct. 20th. Mara's concert and the ballet of Psyché at the Opera house. Sat between Mr. and Mrs. Fox: St. John[3] and R. Adair[4] behind.

[2] In a letter to Mr. Rogers, from a much valued friend, the Honorable Edward Everett, lately ambassador from the United States, dated 24 Dec. 1850, the writer points out that Mr. Fox was here in error, as far as Virgil is concerned; and refers to the Æneid, VIII. 456:—

"Et matutini volucrum sub culmine cantus."

[3] St. Andrew St. John, younger brother of Henry Beauchamp, Lord St. John of Bletsoe, to which title he succeeded on the death of his brother in 1805, and died in Oct. 1817. Before his accession to the peerage he had sat for many years in Parliament as member for Bedfordshire. He accompanied Mr. Fox to Paris in 1802.

[4] Robert Adair, a relation of Mr. Fox: minister to

Music:—Portraits:—wished he had sat only to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Said his sitting so often for his portrait was owing to her [Mrs. Fox], though he liked Nollekens's last bust,[1] and thought it the best of all the likenesses.

Cupid blind not older than the Italians.

Tired of the ballet.

Went to a concert afterwards at the Banker's.

Mrs. Fox said the only fault she could find with him was his aversion to music. The utmost she could say for him was that he *could* read Homer, while she played and sung to herself.

Oct. 24th. Dined at Mr. Fox's. Present Adair, St. John, Fitzpatrick,[2] Le Chevalier, &c.

English the most difficult of all languages—an union of many. Found King William wrote

Vienna in 1806, and on a mission to Constantinople in 1807:—Privy Councillor and G.C.B.: died Oct. 1855, aged 92.

[1] See frontispiece to 4to. edit. of Hist. James II.

[2] General Richard Fitzpatrick, a very dear and intimate friend of Mr. Fox, who used to address him in his letters by the title "Dear Dick." For many years in Parliament. His sister, Lady Mary Fitzpatrick, married Mr. Fox's elder brother Stephen, Lord Holland.

bad French—"Mon toux" instead of "Ma toux." The English articulate very ill. Gibbon, if anybody, mastered two languages.

Milton not English—could never forgive him for expecting to interest him through twelve books, in which there was nothing like nature; or for writing anything but English—full of inversions and affected phrases. Confessed himself an anti-miltonite—acknowledged the beauty of "beat out life,"[3] and of his use of little words.

Virgil remarkable for giving every incident a melancholy ending:—Orpheus and Eurydice[4]—Dido[5]—Nisus and Euryalus[6]—Lausus,[7] &c.—A very melancholy man: Homer not so. Virgil wrote beautiful lines—his story has no interest.

[3] See Adam's vision of the sacrifices by Cain and Abel, and the death of Abel:—

> "His offering soon propitious fire from Heaven
> Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steam;
> The other's not, for his was not sincere;
> Whereat he inly rag'd, and, as they talk'd,
> Smote him into the midriff with a stone
> That beat out life," &c.
>
> *Paradise Lost*, XI. 442, *et seq.*

[4] Georgics, IV. 454, *et seq.*

[5] Æneid, IV. 651, *et seq.*

[6] Æneid, IX. 425, 445, &c.

[7] Ibid. X. 815, &c.

Pope's comparison in his preface to Homer.[1] When a man writes a preface, he tries only to say an antithesis, and never thinks of the truth.

Homer—the interview between Priam and Achilles his finest passage;[2] Priam's kissing the hands of him who had slain his son! Helen's lamentation over Hector.[3] None more mistaken than those who think Homer has no delicacy; he is full of it. Thought nothing more unlike Homer's similes than Milton's. Did Penelope *never* name Troy? He had remarked that delicacy, and also her not mentioning Ulysses by name.

I said in one respect the French had the advantage of us. He said, indeed in almost every respect.

Observed of Gibbon's History that if a man was to say, "I can't read it," and was to attempt to acquire the knowledge it contained by any other means, he would find it a hard task. Robertson very superficial in comparison.

Liked Lafond as well as Talma.[4]

[1] A comparison of Homer with Virgil runs throughout the preface.

[2] Iliad, xxiv. 472, &c.

[3] Ibid. 762, &c.

[4] Actors on the French stage.

Thought the music of the antients must have been as superior as their sculpture and poetry.

Rose from table with Mrs. Fox.—Coffee.

Oct. 28th. Met Mr. Fox in the Picture Gallery.

Oct. 29. Mr. and Mrs. Fox, St. John and Fitzpatrick, called and carried me to the Luxembourg. Rubens—Le Sueur—Fox preferred the history of St. Bruno[5] to any series of pictures whatever. Fitzpatrick mentioned Poussin's sacraments. Fox preferred these, and admired particularly that of the messenger from the Pope delivering the letter—the death of the guilty man in the church—and the Preaching. When I said he was the best painter of the white habit, he repeated very pleasantly Andrea Sacchi, Andrea Sacchi.

In our way talked of the Abbé de Lille.[6]

Thought Virgil's Georgics the most difficult thing to translate in the World:—Milton's Pa-

[5] By Le Sueur. See above, p. 20.

[6] Jacques Delille was author of several poetical works on gardening, agriculture, &c: he translated Virgil's Georgics and Milton's Paradise Lost into French verse.

radise Lost less so. Fitzpatrick mentioned a translator unacquainted with the language of his original, and to whom it was translated by another. Fox said he did not know whether that was not the best way—it would lead to more freedom and less attention to words. Desirous to know which were the three translations considered by Warton as superior to the originals—Hampton's Polybius—Rowe's Lucan—and Melmoth's Pliny. To the French remark that a translator resembled a rope-dancer, he said Pope was an exception. (I suppose he meant as to the risk he ran.)

Admired the Luxembourg Gardens—the vases and statues—Fitzpatrick cold—walked off to warm himself.

Oct. 30. Went to the Gobelins in a cabriolet—met Fox, St. John, Fitzpatrick, Le Chevalier, De Grave.[1]

Fox admired the Gobelins.

[1] Monsieur de Grave, who had been a Minister under the Republic for a short time, but was "unequal to the fatigues of office." Madame Roland described him as "a good-natured little man, unfit for an arduous situation,—rolling his large blue eyes, and falling asleep over his coffee."—*Trotter's Memoirs of C. J. Fox*, 245, 246.

Said of all pictures which came nearest to perfection in colour, and which perhaps united most of the great qualities of the Art, was the St. Peter Martyr by Titian.

Drove to the Garden of Plants and Museum of Minerals—treasures from which the Painter drew his colours of the rainbow. . .

Petrifactions—many from Milan. Here he was very animated—could scarcely bring himself to believe what he saw—fish in perfection inclosed in stone!—Birds and Beasts—Had seen these before, but brought General Fitzpatrick, who delighted in curious birds—The little birds—Mrs. F. said that she and Mr. F. spent much of their time in watching the motions of the little birds, when building, and rearing their young. Particularly struck with the jealousy of the bullfinch, the most jealous of all birds.

Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Fox, La Fayette, Fitzpatrick, Adair, St. John, De Grave. A very handsome dinner.

Abbé De Lille's Georgics.[2]

[2] L'homme des Champs, ou les Georgiques Françaises, poème: par Jacques Delille. (Vide *supra*, p. 25.)

Vote for the King's death. Fox said that all, he believed, who were acted upon by fear, voted for it. They were afraid of the public cry.

La Fayette gave an account of Condorcet's death, who had borrowed some snuff in a paper at Suard's, and left it there.[1]

1803. January. A visit to St. Anne's—a small low white house on the brow of a hill, commanding a semicircular sweep, rich and woody. In the small drawing room, Sir Joshua Reynolds's Girl with the mouse-trap. In the hall books and statues. The library on the first floor—small and unadorned—the books on open shelves. Engraved portraits, principally after Sir Joshua Reynolds, all over the house. In the garden-passage a copy in black marble of the Eagle at Strawberry hill; and a bust of Hippocrates, with a Latin inscription by Lord Holland, found in Italy. In the eating room a

[1] The Marquis of Condorcet died in a prison near Paris in March, 1794; he is generally believed to have poisoned himself, to avoid being put to death by Robespierre, against whom he had written, and who had issued a decree of accusation against him in 1793, which had caused Condorcet to lie hid in Paris for nine months.

portrait of Lord Holland sitting, carefully painted by Reynolds; and of Lady Holland sitting, by Ramsey. Several good old pictures. In the garden a handsome architectural greenhouse, and a temple after a design of Lord Newburgh, (who also designed Kingsgate,[2] and of whose taste he thinks highly) containing busts of Charles J. Fox, Lord Holland, and a son of Lord Bolingbroke, all by Nollekens. The garden laid out in open and shrubbery walks, trees breaking the prospect everywhere. The kitchen garden a square, not walled, and skirted by the walk. In the lower part is something in imitation of the Nuneham Flower-garden. There is a terrace-walk, thickly planted, to a neat farm-house; in which there is a tea-room, the chimney-piece relieved with a Fox. The drawing room prettily furnished with pink silk in pannels, inclosed with an ebony bead, and a frame of blue silk; made of old gowns.

Had just read Euripides. Alcestis his favourite. Hercules's resolution, "I must do some great

[2] At Kingsgate, Isle of Thanet, is a house looking on the German Ocean, built by Henry Lord Holland, who occasionally resided there.

thing. I have used them ill."[1] Heraclides, "And these men wore Greek habits!"[2]—he repeated these instances twice.

Thought Sidney Biddulph[3] the best novel of our age. Sheridan denied having read it, though the plot of his School for Scandal was borrowed from it. The close of the second part very excellent.

The Greek Historians were all true; the Romans liars, particularly Livy, who never scrupled to tell a story as he pleased.

The Queen a bad woman—the King distrustful of everybody—not from education only. There is such a thing as a suspicious nature. The Prince quick; he would not have ventured to treat the

[1] This is a very *free* translation by Mr. Fox. The words in the original to which he alluded, and from which he took his idea, so shortly expressed in the text, are as follow :—

Ὦ πολλὰ τλᾶσὰ καρδία, ψυχή τ' ἐμὴ
Νῦν ὀεῖξον, οἷον παῖδά σ' ἡ Τιρυνθία
Ἡλεκτρυῶνος γείνατ' Ἀλκμήνη Διΐ.
Alcestis Euripidis, 854, *et seq.*

[2] Here, again, Mr. Fox gives the effect rather than a translation :—

Καὶ μὴν στολήν γ' Ἑλλῆνα καὶ ῥυθμὸν πέπλων
Ἔχει· *Heraclidæ Euripidis*, 130.

[3] Memoirs of Sidney Biddulph, by Mrs. Sheridan, mother of R. B. Sheridan. She died 1767.

Princess as he did publicly, if not encouraged by somebody.

Ministers wish for peace, but have not the courage to be peaceable.

Robertson's life of Columbus *well written.*

Pope's sylphs are the prettiest invention in the world, but will never do again.

Lear, Othello, Macbeth, the best plays of Shakespeare. First act of Hamlet preeminent—the Ghost the first ever conceived in every respect—Hamlet not really mad. Wonders whether Shakespeare had ever seen a translation of Euripides—so like him in many places—particularly in Queen Catherine's taking leave of her servants, where he reminds you of Alcestis.

Metastasio. He wrote indeed in a most poetical language; but that was not his fault. Titus; Isacco! "And am I he?"[4] Mixture of ode and couplet very pleasing in him.

[4] "*Isacco.* Ah Signor, dopo il presagio
Dell' ospite stranier, di cui la madre
Rider s' udì, dimmi, che avenne? Ah dimmi
Sol questo, e partirò. *Abramo.* L'evento in breve
Il presagio avverò. Grave s'intese
Sara fra poco il sen. Germe novello
In sua stagion produsse. *Isacco.* Ed io son quello?
Abramo. Si, figlio," &c.

Metastasio's Isacco. Part I.

Read Homer more than once a year.

Æschylus very difficult. Samson Agonistes said by Bishop Newton to be equal to Euripides!

A distant prospect indispensable for a house.

Wondered I was not partial to rhyme. The antients could do without it; but their verse was not superior to it. It is at least equal to antient verse, and perhaps the most perfect thing yet invented. It is a thing to repose upon, and often suggests the thought. Blank verse is perhaps best for dramatic poetry.

Vanbrugh almost as great a genius as ever lived. Sir John Brute—"And this woman will get a husband!"[1] Confederacy,[2] from the French; with so much the air of an original! Who would have thought it?

Josephine a very pleasing woman.

He loved children.

The poets wrote the best prose—Cowley's very sweet; Milton's excepted—more extravagant than his verse, as if written in ridicule of the latter.

Who do you think the best writer of our time? I'll tell you who I think—Blackstone.

[1] From the Comedy of 'The Provoked Wife,' by Sir John Vanbrugh.

[2] Also a Comedy by Sir John Vanbrugh.

Very candid—Retracts instantly—Continually putting wood on the fire—His Trajan, his Venus, his Mosaics from Tivoli—His attachment to particular books—his common-place book—they keep a journal at home and abroad.

Did not think much of Tickell junior—pretty well.

Read aloud one evening in the library Gray's fragment,[3] "Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose." It was rather unlucky that the rose blew in the north of Europe.

If he had a boy, would make him write verses; the only way of knowing the meaning of words.

Ghosts and witches the best machinery for a modern epic.

Priam and Helen[4]—badly copied in Euripides; worse in Tasso.

> "Oft have issued, host impelling host,
> The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic Coast."
> "With grim delight the brood of winter view
> A brighter day, and heav'ns of azure hue;
> Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose, &c."
>
> *Gray's Fragment: on the Alliance of Education and Government*, supra.

[4] It is probable Mr. Fox referred to the description of the Grecian chiefs given by Helen to Priam on the walls of Troy; Iliad, III. 171, *et seq.* There is a similar description in the Phœnissæ of Euripides, line 88, *et seq.*; and

Johnson's preface to Shakespeare the best thing on the subject. His treatment of Gray, Waller, and Prior abominable; especially Gray. As for me *I love all the poets.*

Lord Lansdowne[1] certainly a magnificent man; with no remarkable taste for pictures or fine things, but thinking them fit for a man of his station, and wishing at least to acquire distinction in that way.

Lord Bute still more a magnificent man than Lord Lansdowne, with more taste, that is, more love for those things.

Blenheim wanted buildings in the grounds; admired the *private* ride round by the water.

Cowper's Epistle to Joseph Hill, Esq. his best work. Windham brought him first acquainted with Cowper's works.

His conversation with Bonaparte misrepresented; who only said, "There are those who think Mr. Windham," "Il y a cependant ceux qui pensent" &c.[2]

Tasso has introduced a somewhat similar passage in his Gerusalemme Liberata, Canto 3.

[1] William, Marquis of Lansdowne, who died in 1805.

[2] Mr. Fox had dined with Buonaparte, and afterwards spent the evening with him in Mme. Buonaparte's apart-

Dryden exquisite—no man reasons like him in verse—his defence of transubstantiation[3]—his verses to Congreve admirable,[4] but in general deficient in feeling and tenderness.

Pope failed most, I think, in sense—he seldom knew what he meant to say.

Romeo and Juliet—In the play Romeo dies before Juliet awakes—not so in the novel, and better, and not now acted so.

Are there any antient fables?

Nisus and Euryalus[5]—preferred it, he owned, to Ulysses and Diomed;[6] though the last always a favourite. Repeated "Me, me, &c."[7] He had lately written on the subject to Uvedale Price in a critical letter.

ments in the Tuileries on 1 Sept. 1802. Trotter describes the account given by Mr. Fox the same evening of his conversation with the 1st Consul, in which account Mr. Fox stated that the 1st Consul had reproached Mr. Windham with having aided the plot of the Infernal Machine; and that Mr. Fox had given the statement a positive contradiction.—*Trotter's Memoirs of Fox*, 316, 317.

[3] In the Hind and the Panther, part I. &c.

[4] Epistle to Mr. Congreve on his comedy called "The Double Dealer."

[5] Æneid, IX.

[6] Iliad, X. and XI.

[7] Æneid, IX. 427.

I have no faith in Bruce. To hear him talk is enough.

Pope—Eloisa to Abelard is full of passion and beauty, though many things in it might be wished otherwise.

Congreve rich—wrote little—seldom seen—did not make himself cheap—therefore so highly rated by his cotemporaries.

I write with difficulty. Perhaps with the greater ease a man speaks, with the greater difficulty he writes. I believe so.

Pictures—I like them.

Hume—A. D. 1399. "The murder of Gloucester," &c. to "Authority requisite for the execution of the laws," a very profligate sentiment, and noted in my common-place book.

Trees—birds—nightingales—No antient and no modern poets except the English mention much the singing of birds.[1] Virgil not once in his Georgics—doubts whether Catullus's Passer[2] was more than a little bird.

Doubtful whether he should introduce notes into his history[3]—had determined against it.

[1] See the same remark, in different words, above, p. 21.

[2] "Ad passerem Lesbiæ" and "Funus passeris." *Catullus.*

[3] History of Reign of James II.

Much perplexed how to interweave his new matter from Paris into the text already written. Should he use dashes or not? Wished much to introduce speeches, but said it would not do.

Lord Hervey's verses on Pope[4] very good, though Burke did not think so.

Pope's letters very bad—I think him a foolish fellow, upon the whole, myself—but he has certainly feeling; and I like him best when not a satirist.

Gray — no man with that face could have been a man of sense. His Essay on Education[5] and his Church-yard, his best works. The

[4] Pope, in his Imitation of the 1st Satire of the 2nd Book of Horace, published in 1732, had ridiculed Lord Hervey under the contemptuous name of Lord Fanny. And Lord Hervey retaliated in some anonymous verses, entitled, "Letter from a Nobleman at Hampton Court to a Doctor of Divinity." These, I suppose, are the verses to which Mr. Fox refers. Pope afterwards replied, in some lines in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot (published in Jan. 1734, 5), in which he abused Lord Hervey, by the name of Sporus, in most severe and bitter language. And the same description of Satire on Lord Hervey is continued in the Imitation of the 2nd Satire of the 1st Book of Horace, and elsewhere in Pope's works.

[5] The Alliance of Education and Government. Vide *supra*, p. 8.

Nile!—[1] (when he came to that passage in reading it, his face brightened, his voice rose, and he looked to me)—A very learned and extraordinary man.

Repeated with Mrs. Fox that song of Mrs. Barbauld's, "Come here, fond youth, who e'er thou be"[2]—the first verse full of bad grammar.

The Italian historians, perhaps the best modern ones; but I think very well of Hume, I own.

Marbles—I must have Nollekens's bust of Brutus.

Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke I have not got—I think little of them I own—though Bolingbroke's Essay on History I read with some pleasure the other day at Woburn.

Gibbon a great coxcomb—his portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds is over the fire-place at Lausanne, and he used to look at it as often as if it

[1] "What wonder, in the sultry climes, that spread
Where Nile redundant o'er his summer-bed
From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
And broods o'er Egypt with his wat'ry wings,
If with advent'rous oar and ready sail,
The dusky people drive before the gale."
The Alliance of Education, &c.

[2] Mrs. Barbauld's Works, II. 73.

had been his mistress's.—Observed again that if any man were to say, "I don't like his history, I will acquire the information another way," he would find it a very hard task. Lausanne a pleasant cheerful place independent of its scenery.

A Buffon—I wish for one coloured.

Rousseau used Hume very ill.[3]

Temples in gardens—wished for a temple to the Muses—wished any body would let him build him one. Lord Newburgh a man of great taste—has built a temple for *me*;[4] perhaps there are too many at Stowe.

Lonesome[5]—Fredly Farm[5]—(never known by him with that name)—Norbury[5]—The Rookery[5]—View from a hill above Godwood.

Lansdowne Library—always liked it—so vast, so retired—the antient chimney-piece—always liked the idea of a large room in the midst of a

[3] Hume had been at great pains to assist Rousseau, who nevertheless, on a most groundless shspicion, renounced Hume's friendship, and rejected his proffered services.

[4] Vide *supra*, p. 29.

[5] Gentlemen's houses in the neighbourhood of Dorking and Mickleham, whose beautiful scenery was often visited by Mr. Rogers.

great city—lighted from the sky and into which you could go and say—"I shut you all out." Saw one at Dublin—belonging to Lord Charlemont.

Preferred Box hill to Leith hill.[1]

Lock[2] must do everything with taste.

A distance essential to a house.

Green Park[3] the best situation in London.

Preferred the Boulevards to Piccadilly, in Spring.

Alps—Swiss Lakes lovely—Italian lakes much more busy—Returned from Italy very fast—was there with Windham.

Wondered again whether Shakespeare had ever seen a translation of Euripides.[4]

The World very superior to the Adventurer—was very much pleased with it lately.

Nobody but very young girls could like Lovelace—perhaps *they* might.

[1] Both in the neighbourhood of Dorking.

[2] Then the owner of Norbury Park, near Dorking.

[3] Mr. Rogers had lately bought a house in St. James's Place, looking into the Green Park, and had altered and nearly rebuilt it. In this house he resided till his death, in 1855.

[4] Vide *supra*, p. 31.

Thomas Lord Lyttelton—a wicked man—a complete rascal, to be sure. Liked his father's verses, "The heavy hours are almost past."[5]

Always think of what Lord * * * used to say, that nothing is so easy as for young people to make fools of old people whenever they please.

Liked to meet with grand houses in wild and desert places—to step from dreariness into splendid apartments. Chatsworth struck him particularly in this way.

Demosthenes and Cicero. Wondered why so judicious a writer as Quintilian should think of comparing them,[6] as each had what the other wanted. Demosthenes had vehemence—Cicero had playful allusions, beautiful images, philosophical digressions. Admired Demosthenes most; he was certainly the greater orator—but he read Cicero with most pleasure, and that, perhaps,

[5] The father's name was George, Lord Lyttelton, author of numerous poems, as well as other works. He died in 1773. He was an amiable, honourable, and virtuous man. His son, Thomas, Lord Lyttelton, who is described as the very reverse of his father in moral character and conduct, died suddenly and (as is believed) by his own hand in 1779.—*General Biography.*

[6] Quintilian, Book x. c. 1, *passim*, but particularly sections 105, 108.

was one proof among others why Demosthenes was the better orator. Cicero's letters did indeed fill a great gap in the Roman History—they were almost the whole of it.

Mickleham the most beautiful valley within two hundred miles of London.

All roads from town are disagreeable—the Kensington road is thought the best, but it must be on account of its setting out through Hyde Park.

That song,[1] "'Tis not the liquid lustre of thine eyes," perhaps the best ever written.

Sir Joshua Reynolds had no pleasure at Richmond[2]—he used to say the human face was his landscape.

A foolish song "When lovely woman stoops to folly"[3]—a bad rhyme to melancholy.

[1] " 'Tis not the liquid brightness of those eyes
That swim with pleasure and delight;
Nor those fair heavenly arches which arise
O'er each of them to shade their light;
* * * * *
But 'tis that gentle mind, that ardent love,
So kindly answering my desire;
That grace with which you look, and speak, and move,
That thus have set my soul on fire," &c.
Aikin's Essays on Song Writing.

[2] He had a house on Richmond Hill.

[3] Vicar of Wakefield, c. 24.

Approach to Lord Cadogan's, near Reading, very fine.

Voyage from Henley to Maidenhead bridge. He was one who thought one steep bank sufficient, and better than two.

Raleigh a very fine writer. Lord Surrey too old.

Always thought Mason to blame for suppressing Gray's translations—surely the most valuable kind of thing to an English reader is a good translation.[4]

Sir Joshua Reynolds—the grand not his forte. Liked best his playful characters—not even his Ugolino satisfied him—the boys in his Holy Family exquisite.

Petrarch.—Was never much struck with him—his sonnets the worst of him—liked his letters.

Dante a much greater man—and Boccaccio also, whose sentences are magnificent.

Revival of letters—Where would you begin? with the Medici? then you leave those men behind you. The middle ages never very dark; always producing some able men.

[4] Two translations by Gray from Propertius, and one from Tasso's Gerus. Lib. omitted by Mason, have since been published in Mathias' edition of Gray's works, London, 1814; and later in Mitford's Gray.

There is nothing more in favour of wine than the many disagreeable substitutes for it which are used in countries where it is not found; such as betel-root, opium, &c.

After all Burke was a damned wrong-headed fellow through life—always jealous and contradictory.

No man, I maintain, could be ill-tempered, who wrote so much nonsense as Swift.

Perhaps the most original character and most masterly in Shakespeare, is Macbeth. It is no where else to be found—exciting our pity at first, and gradually growing worse and worse—till at last the only virtue that remains in him is his courage.

I have no idea of Physiognomy and its rules as to the mind; perhaps right sometimes as to the temper. Lord Redesdale a remarkably silly looking man; and so indeed in reality. Pitt, I cannot see any indications of sense in him—did not you know what he is you would not discover any.[1]

How delightful to lie on the grass, with a book in your hand all day—Yes—but why with a book?

[1] Grey thought otherwise. S. R.

Had liked Virgil best in his youth.[2]

1805. July 17. Set out at eleven with Courtney[3] and a brace of Weymouth trout. Arrived at three. Were met by Mr. Fox in the garden. He wore a white hat, a light coloured coat, and nankeen gaiters.

Gnats very numerous—Cold summer.

Meant to resume his history in a fortnight. Hitherto much occupied in letter-writing.

In a letter-writing mood wrote to Dr. Bardsley of Manchester on his pamphlet against Bull-baiting.[4] Not against it himself; thought the outcry against the common people unjust, while their betters hunted and fished. Was decidedly in favour of boxing.

Was very indulgent to works of taste.

Had written to Roscoe concerning proper names—disapproved altogether of his practice.

[2] Lord Holland possesses his school Virgil full of praises, and can now account for his having often said—"Virgil is always our first favourite." S. R.

[3] Vide *supra*, p. 7.

[4] Samuel Argent Bardsley, M.D. on the Use and Abuse of Popular Sports and Exercises.—*Mem. Manch. Soc.* vol. I.?

His instance of Louis, in the introduction, particularly against him.[1]

Hume—his quotations at full length from other writers—sometimes altered in the language for no purpose—as in the case of a passage from Burnet, whose language certainly required no alteration. The practice of quoting gave great variety to his style.

Homer—Iliad and Odyssey—Knight[2] was coming to read his arguments why they were written by different people—Was inclined to say he *would* not believe it.

Would not say he would rather have written the Odyssey—but knows he would rather read it.

[1] Roscoe, in his preface to his Life of Leo X., published shortly before the date of this conversation, had justified the practice he had adopted of designating the scholars of Italy by their national appellations; and of his spelling the name of the King of France as *Louis* XII, (the name he himself recognized,) and not *Lewis* XII, which latter spelling Roscoe admitted to be the English mode.—*Pref. to Leo X. 1st edit.* It appears by Roscoe's later editions that he was not induced by Mr. Fox's criticism to alter his practice.

[2] Richard Payne Knight; he afterwards published an edition of Homer, with notes containing arguments to the effect here mentioned by Mr. Fox; he was a near relative of Mr. Rogers.

Believed it to be the first tale in the world. That everlasting combat in the Iliad he never could get over.

Mrs. Barbauld's life of Richardson admirable—always wished she had written more, and not mispent her time in writing books for children, now multiplied beyond all bounds—though hers were the best.

Two or three chapters of Paley[3] on Publick Worship capital in thought and language. Paley a great temporizer.

Had just read Gray's two odes[4]—excellent but with some faults.—Liked particularly the two first stanzas in the Bard—and that in the other ode, "In climes beyond the Solar road"[5]—This the best of all.

[3] See Book V. Chapters 4, 5, &c. of Paley's Moral Philosophy, where the subject of Public Worship is discussed. See also *supra*, p. 17.

[4] From what follows, it appears Mr. Fox must have intended by "Gray's two odes," The Bard and The Ode on the Progress of Poesy; though he mentions other odes of Gray shortly below.

[5] "In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.

Had read Euripides with great delight.[1]

The Electra of Sophocles his best.

Shakespeare after all affected him most. I like the three Henrys (in answer to some objection of mine); the character of Henry always excellently kept up.

Liked Pope, but thought him much inferior to Dryden.—Fitzpatrick was a great Popist, and would not hear of the Rape of the Lock as his best. Perhaps his Homer should be mentioned as his great work after all.

Bolingbroke—did not like him.

It was the fashion to say surgeons were always right.

Had heard no nightingales here this spring—but many thrushes.

> And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
> Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
> She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
> In loose numbers wildly sweet
> Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.
> Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
> Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
> Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame."
>
> *Progress of Poesy*, II. 2.

[1] Mr. Fox, in his correspondence edited by Lord John Russell, III. 178, remarks that of all poets Euripides appeared to him the most useful for a public speaker.

The only foundation for toleration is a degree of scepticism; and without it there can be none. For if a man believes in the saving of souls, he must soon think about the means; and if, by cutting off one generation, he can save many future ones from Hell-fire, it is his duty to do it.

Never heard Burke say he was no Christian; but had no reason to think he was one—certainly no papist.

Hume's best volumes the first volume (quarto) of the Stuarts, and the last of the Tudors: Elizabeth, James the first, and Charles the first. Charles the second's reign, and the Revolution, very briefly and negligently hurried over. The earlier history well enough written; but not so well.

Virgil's "O fortunatos, &c."[2] the most beautiful

[2] O fortunatos nimiùm, sua si bona norint,
Agricolas, quibus ipsa, procul discordibus armis,
Fundit humo facilem victum justissima tellus!
Si non ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
Manè salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam;
Nec varios inhiant pulchrâ testudine postes,
Illusasque auro vestes, Ephyreïaque æra;

* * * * * *

At secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum; at latis otia fundis,

thing in the world, and with less of his melancholy than usual, which is so apt to break out in every part of him—his " sua si bona" indeed an exception and very melancholy.—Such unaffected tenderness in Virgil!

A garden.

Epicurus's philosophy—spoke of it with enthusiasm as grand and affecting.

Quoted Horace—"An vigilare metu exanimem, noctesque diesque."[1]

Ghosts—No man, however theoretically an unbeliever, but practically a believer more or less.

Knew Gibbon well.[2]

Believes he could repeat all Horace's Odes by to-morrow morning with a little recollection.

Remembers saying to the Bishop of Down[3] at Oxford— " Come, let us have no more study—Let us read all the Plays we can find."

> Speluncæ, vivique lacus; at frigida Tempe,
> Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni,
> Non absunt, &c.
>
> *Georgics*, II. 458, *et seq.*

[1] Satirarum, Lib. I. Sat. 1, 76.

[2] Vide *infra* as to Mr. Fox's visit to Gibbon at Lausanne, p. 54.

[3] Vide *supra*, p. 12.

In hunting a bookseller's shop met with Massinger, and was much struck with him.

Prefers the Traveller to the Deserted Village on the whole. Knew Goldsmith well, but had heard nothing of him before the Traveller—he was amazingly foolish sometimes.

Foote, at the time, was run down as a Writer and an Actor; but was often excellent in both. So happy in some of his parts.

At Lord E. Bentinck's table Foote overcame us, though we had resolved to take no notice of him.

Was Garrick of the original [literary] club? Malone could tell us. That is just what Malone is good for.—Laughed heartily.

Laughed at Johnson's saying Lord Chatham would not suffer Lord Camden to sit down in his presence. Burke used to say it might be true in part. Laughed again.

Herodotus uses us ill in saying he knows more than he will tell us.[4] Then why say so? Laughed.—A charming writer.

[4] Herodotus often follows this course, using some such phrase as the following: "Concerning these, at the same time that I confess myself sufficiently informed, I feel myself compelled to be silent."—*Herodotus*, II. 171, *et seq.*

The Confederacy[1] better than the Bourgeois Gentilhomme.

Could repeat Gray's ode to the Spring, he was sure, and many more.

Did not like Mickle, and never read his Lusiad through.—Saw him once and took a dislike to him.

I am senior member of the club,[2] and the only original member, except Bishop Percy.

Pork is excellent in all its shapes; and I cannot conceive why it was ever prohibited—it is good in Otaheite, and of course in the East.

The Chinese an odd people. Political Economy is certainly best understood in China.

Fairfax's Tasso pre-eminent—always wondered at Hoole's presumption in translating after him.

Hobbes's preface to Thucydides very fine.

Virgil soothing—I said I loved sedatives. He said, I don't know—agitations have always been considered as the greatest pleasures.

Sheridan was now all despondence—always in an extreme. Sheridan when talking of his own

[1] A play by Sir John Vanbrugh.

[2] The Literary Club. S. R. According to Boswell (vol. i.) neither Mr. Fox nor Bishop Percy were *original* members.

superiority, often said that he expected wings to shoot out from his elbows.

Gorcum a town in Holland, where nothing was talked but Dutch, and where signs were necessary. Could not remember the name at dinner—Many minutes afterwards stretched his arm across the table, and cried out "Gorcum!" How odd it is to be sure, when one is hunting after a word, when you burn, and think you almost touch him, but not quite—if I had not caught him then, I had lost him.

Often in speaking, when a thing occurs to me and it is not the time to bring it out, I know I shall lose it when I want it, and never fail to do so.

Grattan: his success in our house. Had heard him in Ireland and was confident. Grattan himself was apprehensive. Never was anything so soon decided—in five minutes—though his friends feared, and his enemies were sure of his failure.

Had a great desire to see Lord Spencer's library.

His History[3]—now very much out of his thoughts. Could get (Mrs. Fox said she believed) £5000 for two volumes. Phillips the

[3] Fox's History of the Reign of James II.

bookseller had written, saying he had heard of an offer of £10000—if so, he should make no offer. Thought he might interweave extracts, as Hume had done, but that would not do, altogether. How far had he gone? To the account of Argyll's death and Monmouth's conspiracy.—The last was written, but not written out by Mrs. Fox.[1]

Thought Milton was often remarkable for Harmony, and did not agree with Knight.[2]

Knight's character of Achilles very just.

La Harpe's seemed a pretty book.[3] Had read a little and liked it.

When at Lausanne, Gibbon came to them at the inn and asked them to dinner—said he would ask some friends the next day, and we found them very agreeable people—the dinner very elegant and quiet, and just as could be wished. Two very pleasant days.

Found it very hot on the canals in Holland.

[1] The work as published extends to the death of Argyle and the conspiracy and death of Monmouth.

[2] Richard Payne Knight, in his Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste, writes on this subject. Part II. ch. i.

[3] Lycée, ou cours de littérature ancienne et moderne; published between 1799 and 1805 ?

Fitzpatrick erect and in high spirits at Paris.

The Prince drank three wine glasses of liqueur here in succession last week.

Saw a good deal of Hume.

Liked wood-strawberries best.

The Bowling-green at Holland-house mown every day—The lawn twice a week—Liked a bowling-green, and lamented he could not make one here.

Should make more garden still, if he could afford it. Liked a garden. Roses so much per pound. Let us plant roses in the wheat-field, if they will fetch so much per pound.

Liked the Cuckoo. Nightingales at Holland-house.

Cervantes. His description of an inn-kitchen would suit any country.[4]

Weston's surprise at Sophia's thinking of any body below her.[5]

[4] Mr. Fox must mean the laughable and natural account of Sancho's attempt at the Inn to obtain a supper for his master and himself, when the host, after promising that his Inn could furnish "whatever the air, earth, and sea produced, of birds, beasts, or fishes," confessed at last that he could give his guests nought but a pair of cow-heels stewed with onions.—*Don Quixote*, part II. ch. 59.

[5] Fielding's Tom Jones.

At Lord Keppel's every body so glad to see him so well—could not conceive why, till he found he had been said in the papers to be dangerously ill.

A Bat's wing very beautiful.

Burns about as clever a man as ever lived. Lord Sidmouth thought him a better poet than Cowper. I cannot say but that he had a better understanding.

Did not like Currie's life of Burns, so affectedly written.

Tam o' Shanter his best. Cotter's Saturday Night contains some things best of all.

Lord Melville's intention to deprive Burns of his place, the worst thing he was ever guilty of.

" I feel the gales that from ye blow
" A momentary bliss bestow."[1]

" 'Tis folly to be *wise*."[1]—'Tis a misfortune to be knowing, it should be.

Likes " honied,"[2] in Gray.

[1] Gray's Ode on Distant Prospect of Eton College.

[2] " Still is the toiling hand of Care:
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,

Liked Laing[3] better than any Scotchman he ever saw.

Shenstone's Schoolmistress—he wrote nothing else.

Every farmer stops his horse in the lane, and talks with him over the pales about the corn and the weather.

Fitzpatrick not quite so severe a critic as he seems—he makes a face and turns up his brow.

Hippocrates. Thought all the extracts from him admirable, and determined to read him—had never possessed him—admired particularly his Aphorism, "The second best remedy is better than the best, if the patient likes it best."

Could not bear the sight of honey-dew.

Dame's school—I love too much better than enough, as little Edward says.

> Eager to taste the *honied* spring,
> And float amid the liquid noon:
> Some lightly o'er the current skim,
> Some show their gaily-gilded trim
> Quick-glancing to the sun."
>
> *Ode on the Spring.*

[3] Malcolm Laing, author of a History of Scotland from the Union of the Crowns to the Union of the Kingdoms, a work Mr. Fox prized highly. He was M.P. for Orkney, and attached to Mr. Fox's party.

In Burns, liked the first line to a Mouse,[1] without understanding it—and those to the Devil.[2]

Frantic Lover and Ode to Poverty were often ascribed to him (Fox) but he did not write them.

Sheridan denied having read Sidney Biddulph,[3] but it was in the heat of an argument.

Sheridan had always the greatest intolerance for all plagiarism.

Tickell's verses on Addison's death perfect. Liked much of his Kensington.[4]

Could not remember a line of his own speeches.

"As Gipsies do stolen children"—Sheridan[5]

[1] Lines to a Mouse, beginning

"Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie."

[2] Address to the De'il, beginning

"O thou! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
Closed under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie
To scaud poor wretches!"

[3] By Mrs. Sheridan, the mother of R. B. Sheridan.

[4] Kensington Garden, a poem, by Thomas Tickell.

[5] "They may serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children, disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own."—*Critic, Act* I. *Sc.* 1.

took it from Steele,[6] and Steele from Wycherley.[7]

Nobody dies! what becomes of all the people? Inimitable acting of —— in saying this.

Three Politicians in Fielding[8] (the first by far too profound to speak) gave Sheridan the idea of Lord Burleigh;[9] and he improved upon it.

"And a great deal more if he had shook his head as I taught him."[9]—Laughed heartily.

Lord Nugent[10]—clever! You would not have thought him so, had you known him. Old

[6] I have not found the expression in Steele. But the two following lines are in Churchill, which are very similar to Sheridan's words:—

> "Like gypsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
> Defacing first, then claiming for his own."
> *Apology addressed to Critical Reviewers.*

[7] "He a wit! Hang him; he's only an adopter of straggling jests and fatherless lampoons: by the credit of which he eats at good tables, and so, like the barren beggar-woman, lives by borrowed children."—*Wycherley's Plain Dealer, Act* II. *Sc.* 1.

[8] The Historical Register for 1736, Act I.

[9] The Critic, Act III. Sc. 1.

[10] Robert Craggs, Viscount Nugent; an Irish peer and Member of the English House of Commons. Died 1788.

"Remote from Liberty and Truth,"[1] as Burke used to call him.

Epilogue to Semiramis charming.

"It is our opinion," &c. in the Morning Chronicle—Laughed heartily—Nothing diverts me more than their opinion—the tone of the Papers!

Could conceive no good of James the second. His seeing Monmouth, if he intended his death, a beastly thing.

L'Homme au Masque de Fer, was Lewis's brother.

Tom Jones and Joseph Andrews read by Mr. Trotter to them on the road to Paris. St. John and Fox could not make themselves heard on the pavement.

Comte. de Grammont[2] delightful. Scene at Turin—Visit in disguise—Fleur d'épine[2] delightful.

Duke of Northumberland, visited by a tiger, when in the gout at Northumberland house—have heard him tell the story.

[1] A short ode by Lord Nugent "to William Pulteney, Esq." commences with the words "Remote from Liberty and Truth." See his published works.

[2] By Count Antoine d'Hamilton.

Proposed to go on Saturday—Not before Monday at least—We shall have company to-morrow—let us have a quiet day before we part.

Prior's Alma a great favorite — quoted many lines.—Hamilton's Bawn.[3]

Some verses of mine made when a boy, said by Tickell to be borrowed from his Grandfather, whom I had never read. Borrowed by both of us from Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.[4]

Warburton's Divine Legation—had never read him—and only upon the sixth Eneid.[5] Gibbon's Answer[6] by no means conclusive.

Plutarch—one circumstance prevents my taking any pleasure in his lives—my disbelief of

[3] "The grand question debated whether Hamilton's Bawn should be turned into a barrack or a malthouse." *A humorous poem by Swift.*

[4] "Then grasp'd the hand he held, and sigh'd his soul away."—*Palamon and Arcite.*

"'Kenna, farewel!' and sigh'd his soul away."
Tickell's Kens. Garden.

"Rose on her couch, and gazed her soul away."
Pleas. Memory, part 1.

[5] Warburton's Dissertation on the 6th Æneid in his Divine Legation of Moses, *Book* II. *Sect.* 4.?

[6] Critical Observations on the design of the 6th Book of the Æneid.—*Gibbon's Miscel. Works*, II. 497.

every thing he says—Plutarch's credulity incredible.

Sully tells a story of a Ghost, as not disbelieving it.[1]

Juvenal a *good* writer. Wish he was less difficult.

Gibbon's account of Christianity in his History full of admirable irony.

Dryden's defence of transubstantiation the best passage in perhaps the first poem[2] in the world.

One good trait in him; never but once insolent to fallen greatness.

His Lady and Leaf—an almost faultless poem.

Cannot read Black Letter—could never make anything of an act of Parliament.

Lowth's answer to Warburton contains some good things[3]—Warburton a clever fellow.

Johnson felt little respect for short poems.

Boswell I believe to be full of veracity.

Did any body in our time remember Johnson

[1] Mémoires de Sully, liv. x.

[2] Dryden's Hind and Panther. Vide *supra*, p. 35.

[3] Lowth's "Letter to the Bishop of Gloucester" on Bishop Warburton's "Appendix concerning the Book of Job." See Divine Legation, &c. edition of 1765.

in early life before his celebrity? How did he behave then?

Mrs. Carter very heavy in conversation.

Bishop Shipley a very good writer.

Sir William Jones drew from a very ample fund.

I do not like geese upon a Common; they make a bad soil; nor do I like a Common too near me.

Was a famous trap-ball player—beat some Etonians two or three years ago.

Bonaparte a spoiled child. Berthier, who was much with him, said that when out rabbit shooting, if he missed, and they hit, he did not like it, and grew very cross.

If an Austrian War takes place, it will be over with Austria, or the War will last many years.

Czar Peter's dreadful punishment of drawing under the keel.

Water and all White Wines improved by ice.

Sir Charles Grandison an Eneas-kind of character.

Preferred his Trajan to Townley's.

Rocks of Meillerie very beautiful.

Killarney Lake beyond anything of the kind he ever saw.

Bond Street bad, and inferior to what the Strand used to be, which has suffered in its shops from Bond Street—Piccadilly on a bright Sunday very fine. Could never believe the streetsof London were so short as they are—particularly Bond Street, which is said to be only half a mile long.

Thought Gibbon's acacia-walk long;[1] and it was short.

Knew La Fayette in England.

Never liked Ranelagh, though one should not, they say, speak ill of the dead.[2]

Alliteration; I believe it is peculiar to the English, if we except that ridiculous one of Cicero.[3]

Preferred the Spanish Proverb to any—"The

[1] The acacia walk in Gibbon's garden at Lausanne, so touchingly connected with his reflections on the completion of his History of the Decline and Fall.—*Miscel. Works*, I. 170.

[2] Ranelagh was discontinued in 1802.

[3] Probably Mr. Fox alludes to the lines quoted by Quintilian, b. IX. c. 4, as written by Cicero: "O fortunatam natam me consule Romam;" though this is not exactly what is now understood by an alliteration. There is another, also quoted from Cicero by Quintilian, b. XI. c. 1, which more nearly approaches the modern meaning of the word: "Cedant arma togæ, concedant laureæ linguæ." Which of these two did he consider ridiculous?

biter bit"—how inferior to "He went out to gather wool, and comes home shorn"—quoting the Spanish.

That a man is young at forty I always maintain.

Voltaire's works. I often look at them on the shelf, and wonder they are really an object for contemplation! Voltaire repeats himself very often of course, or it could not be.

The Way of the World,[4] a charming comedy.

The Mourning Bride[4] execrable every where.

Pizarro[5] the worst thing possible.

When he said he carved ill, and she confirmed it—"Yes, my dear, I thought you would agree with me."

Speaking of the new room projecting[6]—"Then you'll be always in the new drawing-room—you'll never play again where I am—never more in the poor back room."

Homer almost always speaks well of women, except in the instance of Penelope's maids, whom he uses rather hardly.[7]

[4] By Congreve.

[5] By R. B. Sheridan—a translation from the German.

[6] At St. Anne's Hill.

[7] Odyssey, Book xx. 8, *et seq.* xxii. 424, *et seq.* &c.

Like Telemachus in Helen's speech in the Odyssey[1]—remarked by Lord Grenville.

Nausicaa exquisite[2]—better than anything.

Read nine Epic Poems aloud to Mrs. Fox, in one winter, (if I could call Lucretius one, which it is not;) Iliad, Odyssey, Apollonius Rhodius, Eneid, Tasso, Ariosto, Milton's Paradise Lost, and Regained, Fairy Queen. Two of them far the most entertaining to read, whatever may be their other merits—The Odyssey, and The Orlando Furioso.

Like a book of Spencer exceedingly, before something else.

Epistle to Lord Oxford—Parnell's.

Songs—Fairy Tale—Elegy—"Lowly Bed"[3] —"Here lies Gay."

Have often thought that if I had a great deal of leisure, I would publish an edition of Dryden —with the originals on the opposite page to the Translations.

Nothing so absurd as not to give Chaucer with the Translations.

[1] Book IV. 138, *et seq.* [2] Odyssey, Book VI.

[3] "The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their *lowly bed.*"
Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard.

Nothing more absurd than Malone's crowding his prefaces together.

Broke from a Criticism on Porson's Euripides, to look for the little pigs.

Preferred Barry's Romeo to Garrick's.

Garrick's Othello reminded Quin of a little black boy with a tea-kettle; and I always looked for the tea-kettle.

Darwin recommended cold bathing for a cold —Coke the worse for it—try again, said Darwin.

When Mackintosh reflected on O'Quigley what was the reply of Parr? "He was an Irishman, and he might have been a Scotchman —He was a Priest, and he might have been a Lawyer—He was a Rebel, and he might have been an Apostate."

Wasn't it enough to make one cry when the air was so thick last week?

Fitz's "Body and Soul."[4]

It is always said, Spend your money while you can enjoy it—Now, I always thought money of most use in old age, and it is rather hard upon me that I should want it now.

[4] The Soul and the Body, a Dialogue in verse, by General Fitzpatrick.

Could never forgive Addington for suffering himself to be drawn into the war.

Abroad and barely nineteen, when chosen into Parliament in 1768.

Bonaparte, during the peace, I am persuaded, would gladly have consented to fix his dominions as they were.

Plutarch's lives a most exciting work for a young man who is at all ambitious. With his other works I am unacquainted. All the extracts I have seen are good.

I can excuse almost everything in Elizabeth but the execution of Mary—Except William the third she was the best of them—We have not had a good set.

William had great simplicity of character; and what is remarkable, the more you know of him the more you like him—his letters are a proof of this. He did nothing perhaps to blame, but in the affair of the massacre of Glencoe; and then not in the thing itself, for he knew nothing of it, but in pushing too far the maxim, to protect those who only exceed your orders.

I often think that if Elizabeth had invited Philip the second, and had got him over here and clapped him into prison on some pretence of

treason or some such thing, it would have saved her a great deal of trouble.

Gray's stanza, "Thee the song, the dance obey,"[1] certainly suggested by the ballet at Paris —and "Slow melting strains,[2]" &c.—refer to the chaconne, and the appearance of the principal dancer—Never liked the last line—neither "bloom" nor "purple."[3]

The Odes to Spring and to Adversity his favorites—the first perhaps without faults—but after all, he liked best the Elegy, which is full of faults—the first stanza very bad, "to darkness and to me."

Nothing like the former fashion of high carriages to suit only the young and the active who least wanted to get into them.

William the third justified in hating the French, and perhaps in making England an instrument of his hatred; but certainly England herself had cause for War.

[1] Progress of Poesy, 3rd stanza. [2] Ibid.

[3] "The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love."—*Ibid.* Instead of "neither bloom nor purple," another MS. copy of the Recollections has the words, "Nor the pride, nor ample pinion." These latter words are in the last stanza of the same ode.

Hume the most partial of all writers; particularly through the whole of the reign of Charles the first.

Waller's speech preserved, and good too.[1]

Lord Strafford's speech on his trial capital.[2]

No dark ages—Hildebrand's as dark as any, yet his *writing* is good.

Eloisa's letters, what good latin!

Menander's works the greatest loss.

Whenever I hated chess, it was like a lover.

Soame Jenyns's style excellent.

Never read Jortin's Erasmus.

Turkish and Persian tales authentic.

Euripides perhaps the most precious thing left us—most like Shakespeare.[3]

The Colonæus perhaps the best of Sophocles, though I like the Electra too. The Greek chorus the prettiest thing in the world.

Cæsar's Commentaries do not entertain me

[1] Two speeches of Edmund Waller's are in *Parl. Hist.* —his speech in Commons, April 22, 1640, on moving to consider Redress of Grievances before granting Supply; and his speech in Long Parliament, June 11, 1641, against abolishing the Bishops.—*Parl. Hist. II.* 555, 826.

[2] Howell's State Trials, III. 1462, *et seq.*

[3] Vide *supra*, pp. 31 and 40.

somehow. There is a want of thought in them—dry, and affecting to be written briefly and in a hurry—Came here; went there. His letter to Oppius and Cornelius Balbus[4] the most striking thing to his honour, and seldom mentioned. Had sent for a Cicero and copied it out to transmit it to Bonaparte, when the news of D'Enghien's death[5] arrived and prevented him.

All serves to convince me that women must have a great influence in Society, do what you will.

Mr. Ogilvie a chess player of another form.

Hooke, like Hume, was determined to blacken one side—Hooke did it clumsily, Hume dexterously.

[4] Ad Attic. IX. 7. Hooke, IV. 39. S. R. [The letter from Cæsar to Oppius and Cornelius Balbus was sent by Cicero to Atticus, (inclosed in the 7th Epistle of 9th Book of Letters to Atticus,) to show Cæsar's moderation in the midst of great successes. It affords 'a noble testimony to Cæsar's wisdom and magnanimity.']

[5] The Duke d'Enghien was shot, by the order of Bonaparte, in the Chateau of Vincennes, in March, 1804, having been treacherously seized in Baden by French troops, sent across the Rhine to kidnap him. This act, a breach of the law of nations, excited the indignation of Europe, and no doubt changed Mr. Fox's sentiments towards Bonaparte, whose guest he had been at Paris but a few months before.

Boccaccio—preface to his third or fourth book in favour of love for women by far the warmest piece of eloquence I ever read—Dryden imitates it in his introduction to Cymon and Iphigenia—"Old as I am, for ladies love unfit."

Petrarch's latin letters the best of him.

Dined with Abbé Sieyes[1]—has a very pretty place—a very good dinner—good wines—he talked a good deal, and very well—a very pleasant day—near Marly.

Saw Moreau once—saw Massena—never saw Carnot.

Saw Voltaire at Ferney—but long ago; he lived in great elegance there.

Never saw Rousseau or Condorcet.

Bonaparte very handsome, and more like Lord Villiers than any body in England—though certainly not so handsome. The smiles that played about his mouth when he spoke delightful.

Have not seen the hills this fortnight. When in the evening it suddenly cleared—"How d'ye do?" he cried, laughing.

Thought of his game of chess in the night. Does not play slow, but talks and reasons a good

[1] Member of the States General in 1789. See mention of him below by Talleyrand.

deal while playing. Played eight games with me and won five.

At Bologna dreamt that Lord Holland, then a boy at school, was dead, and that the letters containing the news were lying on the table before him. In the morning Jenkins (the Banker at Rome) arrived from Turin, and introduced himself, saying, "My Lord, I am sorry to inform your Lordship that you are now Lord Holland." In the course of the day two English gentlemen arrived from Geneva, who said that the news had reached Geneva, and that an express was on the road for him from England. At night the express arrived. James Hare (Junior) went out to the express, and returned saying, "All is right."[2] It came on account of the King's Illness; and there were letters from Lord Holland. The express said that he had heard the report in England, but that it was not true.

Said to himself, on one occasion, that he was sure he was wrong, he had been so positive.

[2] "Mrs. Fox has often told me, (and I think he once did himself,) that when they heard James Hare's step returning, he remarked, 'it must be good by the way he comes up stairs.'"—*Miss Fox to S. R.*

April, 1806.

Called upon him in Stable Yard,[1] when ill. Hippocrates lay open before him.

When I said, speaking of the East wind, I wish the new Administration would get it put down by Act of Parliament, he smiled, and said, (waking as it were, out of one of his fits of torpor) "They would find *that* a difficult thing—but I believe they would do as much good in that, as they will in anything else."

ANECDOTES OF FOX BY VARIOUS PERSONS FROM COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF SAMUEL ROGERS.

BURKE was exceedingly struck with Sheridan's speeches in Westminster Hall. He told Fox that he thought Sheridan had hit upon a middle style, between Prose and Poetry which was very happy; and Fox used to say that he thought

[1] Mr. Fox, on being appointed Foreign Secretary in Feb. 1806, had removed into a house in Stable Yard in St. James's Palace.

Burke's taste in composition fell off from that time. Fox always thought little of the celebrated "Reflections," and considered the writing of that work to be in a very bad taste.—*Fitzpatrick.*

Fox in the progress of his work[2] thought but little of verbal criticisms. Uvedale Price made many, and Fox threw them into the fire. They were not such as he wanted.—*Fitzpatrick.*

Mackintosh was considered by Fox as having deserted the party, and at one period of his life he resented such conduct very deeply, but that time was past with him. Before he left England, and after Mackintosh's dereliction, they met at dinner somewhere, and Mackintosh, introducing the subject of the History, made an offer of assistance, with regard to enquiring after documents, which offer Fox accepted very cordially, and he would not have done it, if that feeling had been very strong in him.—*Fitzpatrick at Foxley, August,* 1808.

When a bitter wind in March blew from the West; and after a time the weathercock shifted

[2] History of the Reign of James II.

to the East—"Yes," he would say, laughing, "I knew it would own itself East at last."—*Lord Holland.*

Mr. Fox was once sitting in conversation with Mr. Burke and the Duke of Richmond, when a discussion took place on the comparative merits of History, Philosophy and Poetry. The Duke of Richmond declared for the two first; saying that he was for truth; that he preferred truth to everything; upon which Mr. Burke observed that there was no truth but in Poetry. My Uncle was of the same opinion, and would often say afterwards that he should write a dialogue on the subject.—*Lord Holland.*

I am, as he said of himself, a very pains-taking man. When he first entered into office, being dissatisfied with his hand-writing he took lessons; and for some time, when carving, he had a book on the subject open by him.—*Lord Holland.*

If I recover, Young one, I will never take an efficient office again; though I should like to be useful. I will never be so foolish as to take a peerage; a thing I have often refused.—*Lord Holland.*

My Uncle was humorous on sad occasions. When helping him into bed a night or two before he died, I said, "O passi graviora: dabit Deus his quoque finem"—he replied, "Aye, young one—but *finem* is an awkward word in more senses than one."—*Lord Holland.*

GLORIOUS WAS HIS COURSE;
AND LONG THE TRACK OF LIGHT HE LEFT BEHIND HIM.

EDMUND BURKE.

EDMUND BURKE.

MEMORANDA MADE BY MRS. CREWE.[1]

IN this age more respect is shown to talent than to wisdom—but I consider our forefathers as deeper thinkers than ourselves, because they set an higher value on good sense than knowledge in various sciences; and their good sense was derived very often from as much study and more knowledge, though of another sort!

Somebody, who had met Mr. Fox abroad, mentioned his early attachment to France and French manners. Yes, said Mr. B., his attachment has been great, and long, and like a Cat,

[1] The wife of John Crewe, Esq. created Lord Crewe in 1806. It was to this lady that Sheridan addressed the lines entitled "A Portrait," prefixed to his comedy of the School for Scandal.

he has continued faithful to the house, after the Family has left it.

Lord Chatham was a great Minister, and bold in his undertakings. He inspired the people with warlike ardour when it was necessary. He considered Mobs in the light of a raw material, which might be manufactured to a proper stuff for their own happiness in the end.

Dull Prosers are preferable to dull Jokers. The first require only patience; but the last harass the spirits, and check their spontaneous action.

Quizzing a system of terror—the ruin of all social intercourse.

More indulgence should be shown to Story-tellers. A story to be good; should be a little long sometimes; and in general, when a man offers you his story, it is the best thing he has to give you. There should be a variety of styles, too, in conversation, as in other amusements.

Emigrants. It is in human nature, as well as in brute nature, to dislike a fellow-creature in a state of degradation. Dogs will insult a dog with a canister at his tail, and when a boy, I have often played with other boys at a trick to cover one turkey with mud, that we might ob-

serve how other turkeys would tease it. Compassion, like every other feeling, may be worn out. He had a great indulgence for the prejudices which were against the Emigrants.

A great admirer of Swift's humour, particularly in his namby-pamby letters to Stella, which he always praised for their genuine gracefulness and ease. It being observed that many could not relish them in early life, but had grown to like them afterwards, he said: In early life we have generally a serious turn. It is in youth that the reasoning powers are strongest, though the stock is then too small to make any show with. The imagination becomes strongest after youth; for however ready it is to come forward, it cannot be exercised without a stock of knowledge.

England is, at all times, a moon shone upon by France. France contains all within herself. She has natural advantages; she can rise soon after severe blows. England is an artificial country. Take away her Commerce, what has she?

Education should be considered as improving the heart, as well as the head. Too often mentioned merely as a school-acquirement. The last

may be bought by any rich vulgar parent—the first can only be imbibed from domestic guardians, who have themselves a thorough and refined sense of true virtue![1]

All colours are blended well by Gold. Gold is the colour of Light, and produces the effect of sunshine—our very language confesses the pleasure we derive from gilded objects. Many years ago Mr. Fox lamented with me the loss of true taste in England on this point. Gilding was so much the taste of the Antients, that they gilded their favourite statues; and remains of it are seen on the Venus de Medici. She was sometimes styled Aurea Venus on this account. The Romans gilded their walls and ceilings more than the Greeks, because they had more Gold.

Disliked the cant concerning the Poor. The Poor are not poor, but Men, as we are all born to be. Those who have known luxury, and are reduced, meet with most of my compassion! Fox was of the same mind. Tooke of another. "The rich are born with a right to my labour. If I make a tract of ground produce a hun-

[1] What a reflection on the practice of the upper class! S. R.

dred-fold, there are others to claim the ninety-nine."

Good humour too often confounded with Good nature, which has a much less servile character.

Every farm held by a gentleman, is, in proportion to its magnitude, a loss. No gentleman can give his time and attention to such details as are necessary to minute economy, and which no farm can prosper without.

ANECDOTES OF BURKE BY DR. LAWRENCE,[2] FROM COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF SAMUEL ROGERS.

BURKE sleeps but ill, and often rises at day-break; makes the tour of his farm, oversees his men at work, and then returns to bed. Walks in his fields with a spud in his hand, making war upon the nettles, and breaking the clods; and often makes a stop in conversation on the

[2] Dr. French Lawrence, M.P. from about 1797 to 1808 or 1809, and a frequent supporter of Mr. Fox. He was an intimate friend of Mr. Burke.

grandest topic to direct the lading of a dung cart.

I have known him read Savary's Travels[1] to the Ladies in the morning, and compare it with Strabo at night.

After dinner he retires to a nap, but returns to tea, and when the card-table is set, retires again for three, four, or five hours.

In argument puts out his whole strength, but is ready to listen, and full of inquiry.

Dined with him and others at the Ton, Billingsgate. At dinner time he was missed; and was found at a fishmonger's, learning the history of pickled salmon.

In December 1794 Windham paid him a visit, and one day after dinner he said, "I have "had a terrible morning. I have been cutting "down some trees in the home-wood, and I was "there last with my son[2] to mark them. This "elm, I said to him, must make way for that "old oak: here we will open a walk, and there

[1] Savary's Letters on Egypt and on Greece. Circa 1785 and 1786.?

[2] Mr. Burke's only son, who had succeeded to the representation in Parliament of the borough of Malton, on his father retiring from it in 1794, died very shortly afterwards, in August, 1794.

" place an Urn to your Uncle's memory." The recollection of it overcame him.

He farms 500 acres himself, and sells his chickens and rabbits.

In his youth he wrote and published a didactic poem, The Progress of Literature.[3]

Educated at a small school in Ireland, the master of which paid him an annual visit for many years at Beaconsfield.[4]

He dictates a good deal to an amanuensis, and corrects repeatedly afterwards, often printing and cancelling.

Sir Joshua Reynolds being fond of the old style of gardening, interceded for a clipt hedge at Beaconsfield, which still stands. He loved to see the footsteps of man about a human habitation.

Markham, Archbishop of York, had a correspondence with Burke concerning Junius. Markham ascribed it to Burke. Burke replied

[3] This poem was probably anonymous; it does not appear in the ordinary editions of his works.

[4] Mr. Burke, in 1768, purchased a house and a small estate called Gregories, near Beaconsfield in Buckinghamshire, where he resided until his death in 1797, occupying himself much in farming and planting.

that it could hardly be suspected that he should so far forget his interest, as well as his feelings, as to write in favour of Grenville, whom he had opposed, and write so coolly of his own party. Markham replied, that as he had not denied it, he should still believe it to be his; and there the correspondence and the acquaintance ceased.[1]

Was cheerful on the day of his death. The papers of Addison were often read to him in his last illness, and on that day he heard No. 247 of the Spectator. The application of the lines of Ovid[2] on a Woman's Tongue, he thought unfair.

He drank tea with Erskine at Hampstead, after he had left Parliament, and not long before

[1] Lawrence did not deny it neither, though he inclined against it. When I observed that the styles of Burke and Junius were different: the first vehement and flowing,—the last cold, sarcastic, close and epigrammatic:—he replied that Burke could change his style.—S. R. 25 *Jan.* 1797.

[2] The lines of Ovid (Met. VI. 556) "tell us" (in Addison's words) "that when the tongue of a beautiful female "was cut out, and thrown upon the ground, it could not "forbear muttering even in that posture."—*Spect. No.* 247.

his death.[3] "Here," says he, "you are well placed. Here a Reform can do no harm. Whether you plant nettles or roses, is of no importance. The world will not suffer by it."

Erskine.

Thought the Mosaic account [of the creation] most probable—the creation of a man and a woman, full grown. How otherwise could mankind have been reared? *Francis.*

What will they think of the Public Speaking of this age in after times, when they read Mr. Burke's speeches and are told that in his day he was not accounted either the first or second speaker![4] *Sheridan.*

[3] Mr. Burke retired from Parliament in 1794, and died July 8, 1797.

[4] Mr. Grattan remarks, that Mr. Burke's speeches were far better to read than to hear; and that he was heard without much attention.—*Infra*, p. 100 and 109.

HENRY GRATTAN.

HENRY GRATTAN.

At Tunbridge Wells, St. James's Place, and Fredley Farm.[1]

STRAFFORD an unprincipled man, flattering his master to his ruin; with no talent but eloquence. I rejoice in his fall when I read of it.

It was right that Charles should die; he had made war on his people; but the thing was ill done. He was put to death by a party, and not by a power emanating from the people.

Old men love society. Hope is the food of solitude; and young men like to be alone.

Historians are not contented with telling us what was done, but they pretend to enter into the secret motives of men.

Windham—never dignified in his eloquence, never pathetic. He despised the people, and talked up the Aristocracy.

Tierney—a very powerful speaker, clear and

[1] The house of Mr. Richard Sharp, near Dorking.

close in his reasoning, concise and simple in his language. Canning fears him more than he fears any one.

Pitt could not have much knowledge. His father had but little. Burke used to say of Lord Chatham, "His forte was fancy, and his feeble was ignorance." Pitt has ruined his country.

Grattan entering a cottage with his hat in his hand. "Sir, your most obedient—Now, Sir, how much may you earn in a week? You eat little or no meat, I suppose."—Anxious to confute Forster, who had said that the cottagers about Tunbridge lived worse than those of Ireland.

Like Louis XIV, he returns the bow of a child.

Repeated Pope's lines to Lord Oxford with great enthusiasm. They required courage in Pope.[1]

[1] Epistle (in verse) to Robert, Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, prefixed to Parnell's Poems, published by Pope in 1721. It was sent by Pope to the Earl on 21 October, 1721, after his release from imprisonment in the tower, where he had been confined on a charge of high treason. —*Note by Pope.*

Dryden was deficient in pathos and grandeur; but in weighing their comparative merits, is nothing to be ascribed to a virtuous and dignified feeling? Dryden in some respects a greater poet than Pope, but Pope was a moral man.

Reasoned on the creation and government of the world. [It is a singular inference to make that because this world is imperfect, he who made it has made a better.]

Swift was on the wrong side in England; but in Ireland he was a Giant.

Gulliver's Travels amusing; but is there much to be learned from them?

Were you twenty years old, and Captain Cook setting sail, would you go round the world with him? No, I have no wish to see such countries as he saw. I wish to see Rome and Athens, and some parts of Asia; but little besides.

Johnson's lives contain a fine body of criticism.

Auger's translation of Demosthenes[2] admirable, and the best translation of any Author I know.

Demosthenes on the Crown most excellent.

[2] Œuvres Complettes de Démosthène et d'Eschine, traduites en Français par l'Abbé Auger. Paris, 1777.

Was shut up when a boy to read Plutarch's lives, and could not bear the confinement—used to read five pages, and doze away the rest of the time. Thinks now, however, that Brutus's life is very affecting towards the end.

Would sooner be shot than ascend in a balloon.

One of the reasons why the affairs of Nations are not better conducted, is that the consequences of our misconduct are more remote, and less certain, than any false step we may make in private life. A nation may be ruined, but not in our time; nor will the causes that led to it be so obvious as to attach certainly to such or such a person. We may not live to see the tragedy, nor indeed may it ever take place. Our self-interest, in that respect, is therefore less awake, and so also are our consciences; nor is our imagination so excited by the prospect of evil to many as to one. Our self-interest, as individuals, which is generally shortsighted, counteracts the other too powerfully.

The three most likely names for Junius's letters are Gibbon, Hamilton,[1] and Burke. I

[1] William Gerard Hamilton, known as "Single Speech Hamilton;" he died in 1796. He left a work, published after his death, called "Parliamentary Logic."

believe in Burke—Gibbon it could not be—Hamilton would have laid claim to it sooner or later—he wished for fame, and he left a book ill-written—he would rather have acknowledged a book well-written.

Were I rich, and could I live as I please, I should have no wish for a fine house or fine furniture, (I would rather not have them, I should be afraid of hurting them) or pictures—they give me no pleasure. I would have no fine gardens or conservatories—I love the fruit; but I would have no fine gardener to criticise me, and tell me I was doing wrong, or walking awkwardly—I should love a wide expanse—I would have bands of music—I love music—I would have a carriage for use, and fine horses, but not for riding—I love to go fast—I would cut the air.

Wealth makes a man sad—he lives for others who don't care for him;—he becomes a steward.

My Uncle Dean Marlay[2] was famous for the best little dinners, and the best company in Dub-

[2] Dr. Richard Marlay, afterwards Bishop of Waterford; 'a very amiable, benevolent, and ingenious man;' a member of the Literary Club; died in Dublin July 2nd, 1802, in his 75th year.—*Malone's Notes to Boswell's Johnson.* See also *Grattan's Life, by his Son.*

lin—but when made a Bishop he enlarged his table, and he lost his fame—he had no more good company—and there was an end of his enjoyment. He had at first about four hundred pounds a year, and his little dinners were delightful; but he had an estate left him, and afterwards came to a Bishoprick—he had Lords and Ladies to his table—people of fashion—foolish men and foolish women, and there was an end of him and of us.

He [Marlay] had much of the humour of Dean Swift. Upon one occasion when the footman was out of the way, he ordered the coachman to fetch some water from the well. The coachman objected, saying that "It was his business to drive, and not run on errands." "Then bring the coach and four," said he, "and put the pitcher into it, and drive to the well:"—a service which was performed many times to the great entertainment of the Village.

I cannot bear large and mixed companies; they make me miserable.[1]

Burke at Beaconsfield[2] never failed—he was

[1] Mrs. G. complains that he ought to bear his share in them; but he won't; he has no voice for them. S. R.

[2] Mr. Burke's seat near Beaconsfield.—*Supra*, p. 87, *note.*

always in flow—his taste was good—though he loved Ovid. He loved farming and planting.

Lord Bolingbroke a very fine speaker, and therefore banished the house.[3] His Dedication to his Dissertations on parties, a very fine imitation of that to "Killing no Murder."

A fine prospect to the visitor or traveller is ever delightful — but possession destroys the pleasure. If I delighted much in a view or a spot, I would wish some other person to live there.

What is a Ghost? A dead man alive? If immaterial, it can be no object of sight.

Were a man to be offered life, with a foresight of all the evils that attend it, would he not reject it?

Pitt's faults might arise in some degree from his situation. For twenty years he was an apologist for failure, and an imposer of taxes: in other words a humbug.

[3] When Lord Bolingbroke, who had been attainted by act of Parliament for high treason, was pardoned in 1723, he was unable to procure a reversal of the attainder, and a restoration of his seat in the House of Lords. Mr. Grattan, no doubt, alludes to this when he says he was banished the house.

Standing under the Limes—"Now what are "these senators about? A great bumble-bee "is now addressing them—they are now in a "Committee." It was June, and the Limes were full of bees. He used to say in a morning, "Shall we visit those senators?"[1]

Burke's speeches far better to read than to hear. They are better suited to a patient reader, than to an impatient hearer.[2]

Cicero better to read than to hear; particularly in his speech against Milo,[3] perhaps his finest to read, though very tedious to hear. The best speaker is to be found among the most enlightened people. Cicero would not have pleased at Athens.

[1] Mr. Rogers has introduced this subject, and that on the following page, into his poem of Human Life:—

"A Walk in Spring—GRATTAN, like those with thee
By the heath-side (who had not envied me?)
When the sweet limes, so full of bees in June,
Led us to meet beneath their boughs at noon;
And thou didst say which of the Great and Wise,
Could they but hear, and at thy bidding rise,
Thou wouldst call up and question."

[2] See Sheridan's remark on Burke's speeches.—*Supra*, p. 89.

[3] Probably a mistake for Cicero's Oration "Pro T. Annio Milone." I do not find any oration against Milo in Cicero.

A woman in a red cloak passed us with her chattels on her back—"That woman is to be "envied. She has nothing to lose, and every-"thing to gain—She has therefore hope—no "thoughts of invasion—none of taxes."

Fox had no *curiosa felicitas* in expression, though much of it in his arrangement. He would never have written "simplex munditiis."[4]

He seems not to have admired Fox's speaking towards the last; thinking that he fell off as his infirmities gained ground upon him.

[Poetry transfused into prose, no plagiarism—difficult to give it a prose flow, and to melt it into the sentence.]

Raphael and Adam; their interview in Paradise Lost a model of high breeding.[5]

Liked Spa, where all the great people in Europe met in dishabille.

Which would you rather pass a day with, Alexander, Cæsar, or Bonaparte? Cæsar, as I am much interested about his time. I would ask him, (and here he enumerated many questions about his campaigns) what were the real characters of many of his contemporaries—and I

[4] Horat. Od. Lib. 1. 5. [5] Paradise Lost, Book v.

66462

would ask him, but I would not press the question, (he might answer it or not as he pleased) what part he took in the Catiline conspiracy.

In travelling, I should like the lower orders of the people better than the middle ones, for my companions—I would rather be in a heavy coach than in one that carried four.

Of all men, if I could call up one, it should be Scipio Africanus. Hannibal was perhaps a greater Captain, but not so great and good a man. Epaminondas did not do so much. Themistocles was a rogue.

Modern times have not furnished such men. It required the competition in little states.

In modern times Washington, I believe, was the greatest man, and next to him, William the Third.

Came to the ruins of a cottage—Hinted at untold crimes committed there—the skeleton of a man. "Yes," says he, entering into the joke, "but the most extraordinary thing of all was the "situation of the woman."

Talked again of the disadvantages of possession.

Decorated himself with Lime-blossoms, and

stood again under the Lime-trees. Found a winged ant carrying a caterpillar.

Would you wish to call up Cleopatra? Not much—her beauty would make me sad, and she would tell me nothing but lies.

Priam very well-bred, particularly towards Helen.

Hume right in saying, that not a page in Shakespeare was without glaring faults.[1] In Othello he seems to have indulged in an Eastern style of speaking.

I think Pitt right in saying, if he did so, that he would rather possess the speeches of Bolingbroke than the lost Decades of Livy.[2] I confess, however, I attempted to read the Patriot King,[3] about three years ago; and I could not get on. It tired me. The style was excellent; but I could not give my attention to the book.

Sheridan's faults, like those of most men of

[1] See Hume's character of Shakespeare in Appendix to Reign of James I.

[2] Lord Grenville told Mr. Rogers that he did not think Mr. Pitt admired Bolingbroke much.—*See Recollections of Lord Grenville, infra.*

[3] "Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism, and the Idea of a Patriot King," by Lord Bolingbroke.

genius; which are almost all of a poetical character—the excesses of the generous virtues.

What a slavery is office—to be subject to the whims of those above you, and the persecutions of those beneath you—to dance attendance on the great—to be no longer your own master.—No, give me a cottage and a crust—plain fare and quiet, and small beer, and, he added, lowering his voice and smiling with his usual archness, "Claret."

Mrs. Anne Pitt, Lord Chatham's sister, a very superior woman—She hated him, and they lived like dog and cat. She said he had never read but one book—The Fairy Queen. He could only get rid of her by leaving his house, and setting a bill upon it, "This house to let."

Every sentence [of Fox] came rolling like a wave of the Atlantic, three thousand miles long.

Burke was so fond of arbitrary power, he could not sleep upon his pillow, unless he thought the King had a right to take it from under him.

Lord Chatham made his son read to him, a day or two before he died, the conclusion of

Pope's Homer, describing the death of Hector;[1] and when he had done he said, "Read it again."

Stella[2] used often to visit my aunt, and sleep with her in the same bed, and weep all night. She was not very handsome. Miss V——[3] *was* handsome.

There is now a state religion—not a Christian religion.

Beauty is the best thing going. To Beauty we owe Poetry, to Poetry Civilization, to Civilization every art and science.

Two artists have contributed not a little to the popularity of Charles the First, Vandyke and the Headsman.

Milton I like best of them all.[4] He is much more poetical than Shakespeare; and if anybody would be a public speaker, let him study

[1] Iliad, Book XXII, &c.

[2] Mrs. Johnson, whom Swift has celebrated under the name of Stella; and to whom he was privately married.

[3] Miss Vanhomrigh, whom Swift called Vanessa.

[4] How different was Mr. Fox's opinion of Milton is seen *supra*, pp. 14, 23, 32, &c.

his prose and his poetry—his prose is often an admirable model for the majestic style of speaking.

To be a good shot is useful. It makes a brave man braver, a timid man half-brave; and all men are born cowards. But it makes a bad man worse than it found him—a bully.

Who was the best speaker you ever heard? Fox, during the American War—Fox in his best days; about the year 1779.

Using the word Disloyalty in the sense it has been used in, makes the King the Law.

Lord Chatham. "I don't enquire from what "quarter the wind cometh, but whither it goeth; "and if any measure that comes from the Right "Honorable Gentleman tends to the Public "Good, my bark is ready."[1]—"I stand alone— "I stand like our first ancestor—naked, but "not ashamed."[2]

[1] "On another occasion he [Lord Chatham] said, 'It is not for us to enquire whence the wind bloweth, but where it tendeth. If its gales are for the public advantage, although they come from the quarter of the noble lord, my bark is ready."—*Grattan's Life and Times, by his Son, Ed.* 1849, I. 237.

[2] "In his [Lord Chatham's] speech on the Stamp Act

The finest passage in Cicero is his panegyric on Demosthenes.[3]

Lord Chatham, I think, delivered finer things than Demosthenes; but he had a greater theatre, and men are made by circumstances. "America has resisted. I rejoice, my Lords."[4] This passage, I think, excels any in Demosthenes.

I was at Paris in 1771—for three months—and delighted—though I made no acquaintance but with an Abbé, and a Swindler. I went with two other Templars to study in France, by

[for America], being abandoned by his friends, he said, 'My Lords, I rise like our primeval ancestor—naked but not ashamed.'"—*Ibid.* I. 234.

[3] See Cicero's "Brutus;" where he says of Demosthenes, "a doctis oratorum est princeps judicatus;" or perhaps his "De Oratore, Dialogi tres."

[4] The speech was not in the Lords, but in the Commons, on 14th Jan. 1766, in the debate on the Address to the throne; the sentence, part of which Mr. Grattan quoted, is thus reported: "The Gentleman tells us America is obstinate—America is almost in open rebellion. I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people so dead to all feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest."—*Parl. Hist.* XVI. 104.

Havre, taking Coke upon Littleton—but settled nowhere.

Castle-building is a bad habit. It leads to disappointment.

Solitude is bad. I have tried Tinne-hinch[1] for twenty-years—It leads to melancholy—to a sort of madness—You think of your vexations, your age.—Society should always be in your power.

An old man cannot enjoy solitude. He has learnt the secret—He has found out the rogueries of Fortune. Nor will reading supply the want. I would live in a house full of society, to which I might escape from myself.

I was called the Spirit of the Dargle.[2] I found out (he said, laughing) that a man's worst companion is himself.

The King (Charles the First) had made war on the people—but the death of Strafford[3] was less to be justified—Though a thief, a robber, he was no traitor. He had committed every crime but that for which he was condemned to die.

Of what use is it? (Lycidas), says Johnson.[4]

[1] Mr. Grattan's residence in the county of Wicklow.

[2] A glen, near Tinnehinch.

[3] Vide *supra*, on Strafford, p. 93.

[4] See Johnson's criticism of Lycidas, in his Life of

These things—they take the mind out of the dirt, as it were.

The French poets I read with little pleasure; and am glad when I have done. Boileau perhaps—but such is their homage to the great, we are the worse for them.

A wife should be of a modest character. She should sing.

Burke's best things: On the payment of the Nabob of Arcot's debts—Descent of Hyder Ally on the Carnatic.[5] He was heard without much attention.

We should always have the appearance of narrative, not of description.

O'Connor[6] and his beggar-girl—her regimentals.

Milton, where he speaks of it as without nature, and without truth; its diction as harsh, its numbers as unpleasing, and its form as disgusting.

[5] See his speech in the House of Commons in support of Mr. Fox's motion for papers on the subject of the Nabob of Arcot's debts, 28 Feb. 1785.

[6] Possibly Mr. Arthur O'Connor is here alluded to. Mr. Grattan was very intimate with him; and in April, 1798 went from Tinnehinch to England to give evidence at Maidstone in favour of O'Connor, on the trial of the latter for high treason, when he was acquitted.—*State*

Dislikes the clergy and all humbugs.

[His forte in conversation is sketching a character, with a gentle voice and many pauses; but with a delicate irony, a great archness of look and manner; beginning, as you would think, with something like praise, and ending with a roll of the person and a turn of the head, in a *coup de Patte.* It is very delightful to see him with Miss Fox. The enjoyment she feels encourages him. S. R.]

Pitt would be right nineteen times for once that Fox would be right: but that once would be worth all the rest. The heart is wiser than the schools.

In conversation, said Plunket, he gave results[1] rather than processes of reasoning. Every sentence was a treasure.

When Dr. Lucas, a very unpopular man,

Trials, vol. XXVII. But what is meant by "his beggar-girl, and her regimentals?"

[1] As I can say of all the eminent men I have known, and from them, generally speaking, I have learnt more than from books, what they said making a deeper impression. S. R.

ventured on a speech in the Irish Parliament, and failed altogether, Grattan said, "He rose "without a friend, and sate down without an "enemy."

Of —— he said: "He was a coward in the "field, and a bully in the street."

RICHARD PORSON.

RICHARD PORSON.

HE is not more remarkable for his learning, than for acuteness and correctness of thought. Through his whole life, whether in his morning or his evening hours, he has never been heard to utter a mean or licentious sentiment. He came to town with nothing but his fellowship to support him;[1] and that was soon to expire, in consequence of his refusal to enter the Church. A lay-fellowship fell vacant. He applied for it to Dr. Postlethwaite, the Master of Trinity; but was civilly refused. Another offered itself, and again he applied by letter, but with the same success. The Master had again promised it to a young relation, whose fellowship

[1] He was a member of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he obtained a fellowship in 1781, and took the degree of M.A. in 1785.

was not within *three* years of its expiration; and "I now found myself a private gentleman, with no visible means of support, and with nothing but my animal spirits to feed and clothe me." Two thousand pounds had been expended on his education; but he had now nothing. By his letters to Travis[1] he had earned only thirty pounds. A copy was sold at Farmer's sale—he never ventured to ask the price it fetched, but often mentioned it with some degree of anxiety; and observed that if it often passed under the hammer at a low rate, he should become the constant purchaser, and consign it to the fire.

When Dr. Postlethwaite came to town, to attend the Westminster Examination, Porson called upon him. "I am come, Sir, to inform you that my fellowship will become vacant in a few weeks, in order that you may appoint my successor." "But, Mr. Porson, you do not mean to leave us?" "It is not I who leave you, but you who dismiss me. You have done me every injury in your power. But I am not come to complain or expostulate." "I did not

[1] Letters to Archdeacon Travis in answer to his defence of 1 John v. 7.

know, Mr. Porson, you were so resolved." "You could not conceive, Sir, that I could have applied for a Lay-fellowship to the detriment of some more scrupulous man, if it had been my intention to take orders."

In September 1792, the Greek Professorship[2] fell vacant, and Dr. Postlethwaite wrote to acquaint Porson with the circumstance. He returned the following answer:—

Sir,

When I first received the favor of your letter, I must own that I felt rather vexation and chagrin, than hope and satisfaction. I had looked upon myself so completely in the light of an outcast from Alma Mater, that I had made up my mind to have no farther connection with the place. The prospect you held out to me gave me more uneasiness than pleasure. When I was younger than I now am, and my disposition more sanguine than it is at present, I was in daily expectation of Mr. Cooke's resignation, and I flattered myself with the hope of succeed-

[2] Porson was elected Greek Professor at the University of Cambridge in 1793.

ing to the honor he was going to quit. As hope and ambition are great castle-builders, I had laid a scheme, partly, as I was willing to think, for the joint credit, partly for the mutual advantage, of myself and the University. I had projected a plan of reading lectures, and I persuaded myself that I should easily obtain a grace, permitting me to exact a certain sum from every person who attended. But seven years waiting will tire out the most patient temper; and all my ambition of this sort was long ago laid asleep. The sudden news of the vacant Professorship put me in mind of poor Jacob, who, having served seven years in hopes of being rewarded with Rachel, awoke, and behold it was Leah. Such, Sir, I confess, were the first ideas that took possession of my mind. But after a little reflection, I resolved to refer a matter of this importance to my friends. This circumstance has caused the delay, for which I ought before now to have apologized. My friends unanimously exhorted me to embrace the good fortune, which they conceived to be within my grasp. Their advice, therefore, joined to the expectations I had entertained of doing some small good by my exertions in the employment, together with the pardonable vanity which the

honor annexed to the office inspired, determined me: and I was on the point of troubling you, Sir, and the other Electors with notice of my intentions to profess myself a Candidate, when an objection, which had escaped me in the hurry of my thoughts, now occurred to my recollection.

The same reason which hindered me from keeping my fellowship by the method you obligingly pointed out to me, would, I am greatly afraid, prevent me from being Greek Professor. Whatever concern this may give me for myself, it gives me none for the public. I trust there are, at least, twenty or thirty in the University, equally able and willing to undertake the office, possessed of talents superior to mine, and all of a more complying conscience. This I speak upon the supposition, that the next Greek Professor will be compelled to read lectures; but if the place remains a sinecure, the number of qualified persons will be greatly increased. And though it were even granted, that my industry and attention might possibly produce some benefit to the interests of learning and the credit of the University, that trifling gain would be as much exceeded by keeping the Professorship a sinecure, and bestowing it on a sound believer,

as temporal considerations are outweighed by spiritual. Having only a strong persuasion, not an absolute certainty, that such a subscription is required of the Professor Elect, if I am mistaken, I hereby offer myself as a Candidate; but if I am right in my opinion, I shall beg of you to order my name to be erased from the boards, and I shall esteem it a favor conferred on,

Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant,

R. PORSON.

Essex Court,
6 October, 1792.[1]

Had I a carriage, and did I see a well-dressed person on the road, I would always invite him in, and learn of him what I could.

Lewis 14th was the son of Anne of Austria by Cardinal Richelieu. The man in the iron mask was Anne's eldest son—I have no doubt of it.

Thanked Heaven he could at any time go without a meal cheerfully—breakfast, dinner, or supper.

[1] This letter the writer put into my hands, unasked, and when I begged to keep it, he said I might take a copy of it; and I thought it was his wish that I should. S. R.

Two parties must consent to the publication of a book, the Public as well as the Author.

Mr. Pitt conceives his sentences before he utters them. Mr. Fox throws himself into the middle of his, and leaves it to God Almighty to get him out again.

When Prometheus made man, he had used up all the water in making other animals; so he mingled his clay with tears.

Porson would almost cry when he spoke of Euripides. "Why should I write from myself, while anything remains to be done to such a writer as Euripides?"

When repeating a generous action from antiquity, or describing a death like Phocion's, his eyes would fill and his voice falter.

Of Mackintosh: He means to get Interest for his Principal.

Of Sheridan: He is a promising fellow.

All wit true reasoning.

History of the Grand Hum in a 100 Volumes folio.

I love an octavo; the pages are soon read—the milestones occur frequently.

If I had £3000 Per Ann.: I would have a person constantly dressed, night and day, with

fire and candle to attend upon me. (He is an uncertain sleeper.)

I had lived long before I discovered that Wit was Truth.

A conqueror at the Olympic Games applied to Pindar for an Ode — The poet required twenty guineas.—" I could buy a statue for the sum." " Then buy a statue." Again he applied and consented to the Poet's terms. The Ode begins thus:—Unlike a statue, which remains fixed for ever to its pedestal, this Ode shall fly over Greece, every bark on the Egean Sea, every carriage along it's shores, shall transport it.[1]

Did he catch this mania of Burney?[2] No, he has it in the natural way, I believe.

I must confess to have a very strong prejudice against all German original Literature.

In drawing a villain we should always furnish him with something that may seem to justify himself to himself.

[1] This ode of Pindar was on a victory at the Nemean Games. See the 5th Nemean Ode.

[2] Probably Dr. Burney, the friend of Johnson, and father of the authoress of Evelina:—author of the History of Music.

Like Simonides, I carry all I have about me, pretty nearly.[3]

Electricity, Electrum; the quality of Amber; because Amber attracts substances.

Virgil has everywhere arranged his words naturally and properly as in prose. No violent transpositions, or inversions; every word is precisely where it ought to be.

"I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed."[4] Who from that day to this, has seen a Jew who was a beggar or an agriculturist?

Authority should serve to excite attention, and no farther.

Wit is in general the finest sense in the World.

We all speak in metaphors. Those who appear not to do it, only use those which are worn out, and are overlooked as metaphors. The original fellow is therefore regarded as only witty; and the dull are consulted as the wise.

[3] See the story in Phædrus, Lib. IV. Fab. 21, entitled, Naufragium Simonidis. The poet was shipwrecked, and to his anxious fellow passengers, who enquired of him why he did not endeavour to save some of his goods, he replied, "Mecum mea sunt cuncta."

[4] St. Luke, XVI. 3.

JOHN HORNE TOOKE.

His present manners and conversation remind me of a calm sunset in October. S. R.

JOHN HORNE TOOKE.

THE Italians were certainly not from Troy; but from the North of Europe. The Italian language is as copious as our own.

Lucca an object of great curiosity. St. Marino of none.

Sheridan better formed to captivate the vulgar; Fox's manner of reasoning far grander and profounder. Much struck with Sheridan's speech, January 5, 1795.[1]

Take the first man in Europe, and condemn him to live alone on his Estate. He would soon be devoured by the insects engendered there. He would cry out, "Save me from my Estate." What would he be but for the lower classes of Society?

[1] For the repeal of the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, and on the subject of the late trials of Hardy, Tooke, and Thelwall.

At home it is his custom to relax and be happy with his friends in the Afternoon. He had no society in the Tower[1]—and therefore rose at four, and went to bed very early, that he might miss it less.

No man can reason but from what he knows. Paine[2] knew but little, and is therefore only to be trusted within his own sphere of observation.

No metaphysical ideas.

If you travelled through France, you would find the language gradually turning into Spanish as you approached the Pyrenees, and Italian as you approached the Alps.

An illiterate people is most tenacious of their language. In traffic the seller learns that of the buyer before the buyer learns his. A bull in the field, when brought to town and cut up in the market, becomes boeuf, beef; a calf, veal; a sheep, mouton; a pig, pork;—because there the Norman purchased, and the seller soon learnt *his* terms; while the peasantry retained their own.

[1] He was committed to the Tower on a charge of High Treason, May 1794.—Vide *infra*, p. 137, &c.

[2] Thomas Paine, author of "Rights of Man" and "Common Sense."

On sea-bathing—suppose a fish-physician were to order his patients ashore.

Plays and histories lead to error, as they give too much consequence to Individuals. Were the Triumviri the proper objects of vengeance? Each had his party in the Senate, and united with the rest to avail himself of theirs—the Senate should therefore have been cut off. When Cæsar fell was Liberty restored?

A woman's infidelity is then only a dishonour to her husband, when he sits down under it.

Women have more feeling than men, and you may almost always hit the degree of regard or aversion they feel for men, when in their company.

Love at first sight to be acted upon. An open temper discovers itself at once, and requires no study.

Reasoning is only addition and subtraction.

Read few books well. We forget names and dates; and reproach our memory. They are of little consequence. We feel our limbs enlarge and strengthen; yet cannot tell the dinner or dish that caused the alteration. Our minds improve though we cannot name the author, and have forgotten the particulars.

I converse better than I write; I write with labor.

Nor wealth, nor power, can compensate for the loss of that luxury which *he* has, who can speak his mind, at all times and in all places.

A great frequenter of the Theatres and Coffee-houses, long after he received pleasure from any of them. He would sit an act at a Theatre, and then adjourn to a Coffee-house, and then to the Theatre, listless and cheerless; and yet a slave to the habit of attending them; and on his return home, when he sat up to read with delight, he would reproach himself for his folly in having thrown away his evening. At last he met with insults in the Coffee-houses, and relinquished them entirely. He then retired to Wimbledon.[1]

Can any of them tell what sleep is, what brings on sleep, or what part of us sleeps? I never dream but when disordered; and when I dream I am conscious of dreaming.

[I would never take a beautiful woman for my wife. She would be studious to be admired by

[1] He spent the latter part of his life at Wimbledon in Surrey, and died there in 1812.

others, and to please anybody more than her husband.]

A child is fluent because it has no wish to substitute one word for another.

Those who know nothing of Education, think there is a magic in it, when in fact it does little for us. Plain common sense plainly exprest is worth all it has to show.

I wish women would purr when they were pleased.

[When you bow and subscribe yourself "your humble servant," your conscience does not fly in your face. Why then so scrupulous about other forms?]

Plays and Epic poems mislead us. A leader is often led. He has a thousand opinions to struggle with.

Pieces of money are so many tickets for sheep, oxen, &c.

When a pension is given, or a salary, a draft is issued on the tiller of the soil.

There was a motion in the House to punish adultery with death. Levens, an old sinner, seconded the motion. He had never failed but when distrusted—the sex might afterwards rely on his not betraying their weakness.

Reads all books through; and bad books most carefully, lest he should lose one good thought, being determined never to look into them again. A man may read a great deal too much.

The Italian Literature very rich—the French have borrowed all they have from it, but could not take it all.

Burke as metaphysical as he can be, with all his abuse of metaphysics.

Admired Naples most, but would prefer living at Pisa. Venice, Rome, and Vesuvius exceeded all his expectations; everything else fell below them.

Was nine months in France before he could talk tolerably, though he laboured very hard.

Thought there was little difference in Organization between man and man.

We are fond of a miracle; and if we cannot find one we make one. What is clear and natural we are apt to despise.

We talk of the mind and body as of two persons—but what do we mean? All knowledge passes into us through the senses. We know of none that is not derivable through those channels, and may therefore fairly conclude there is none. The senses of some men are quicker and more

discriminating than others; and there lies the difference, but it is very small. One man, a little better off in this respect, and with great industry, will soon leave another out of sight. His superiority increases in Arithmetical Progression; as a small number, used frequently as a multiplier, will soon produce a greater sum-total than a larger number used less often. Some are said to collect facts without the power to use them. It is because their senses cannot convey to them the nature of those facts. They cannot arrange and apply them. They are like an ignorant man collecting curiosities. A man may have too many of these. Your room may be so full of furniture, that you cannot lay your hand on what you want.

We improve by exercise of all kinds—a man may be getting on while sitting still in a Coffee-house, or standing in the street.

A slave-captain says to King Tom—"You go eat that man, but I will give you six oxen for him." "Will you?" "An ox is fatter than a man." "Agreed.—What fool that man!" But somebody whispers "No! by a man he can get more than sixty oxen." "How so?" "By working him." "Indeed! then I no more eat

my men. I make them work." Such is the policy in Europe. The tyrant no eat his slave, he works him.

What is thinking but thing-ing, (res, reor) the operation of something upon you? Do not then animals think?

When I first read the first book of Locke, I was enchanted. It seemed to me a new world —when I proceeded I stept into darkness. While he collected the scattered rays of light he had found already, he wrote like a great man —but, when he attempted to proceed, it was all confusion. He puzzled about Power, &c. as some strange things which he could not define, thinking these words an authority for the existence of these things. If he had gone into their derivations, the difficulty would have vanished.

Hermes particularly stupid about "God is."[1]

That voice is the best, which is not heard; which draws no attention to itself. All voices, bass, treble, tenor, may be pleasant in speaking, as in singing.

[1] See Remarks on the verb "Is," and on "God is," "Truth is;" that is, on the meaning of the word "Is" when applied to the Deity.—*Harris's Hermes*, chap. vi. pp. 89 to 92.

Women value themselves on their chastity. Men on their courage. Why? Because of the rarity and difficulty of these virtues. They are both contrary to nature.

Thinks all books should be read by the student; all places seen by the traveller—as the best books and most curious places may not be recommended to you; and vice versâ.

All men rank the dead languages thus—Latin, Greek, and Hebrew—and trace them upwards in that order—because they learnt them in that order in the schools, and have ever since kept up the association. Latin a compound of Greek and Gothic.

Ridicule is no mean test of truth. If a thing, to be made ridiculous, must be distorted, then are we sure it is an object of respect. It is remarkable that by no writer, of any age or nation, was it ever attempted to make the Roman character ridiculous.

Bacon, Hooker, and Milton—great writers, and the best we have. Temple a paltry one.

[Could never forget the pleasure he felt in often retiring to read the Adventurer at the age of seventeen.]

If a man has a single fact or observation to

communicate, he writes a book on the whole subject of which that is a part. Hence the multiplicity of books.

Hume's essays he read at first with delight, one by one, as they came out—and still reads them with it, they are so sweetly written. One of the first writers of any Country! His pupil Smith[1] far, very far below him—his theory of Moral Sentiments nonsense—his Wealth of Nations full of important facts, but written with a wicked view.

Hume's history bad in its tendency. He first wrote the History of the Stuarts falsely; and then wrote the others to justify and accord with it.

Spoke with contempt of Gibbon's history, though he called him a superior man. Instead of writing because he had something to say, he began life with a determination to write a Book of some kind or other. Admired his letter on the Government of Berne, I. 388.[2]

How clearly has Gibbon revealed his cha-

[1] Adam Smith.

[2] Letter from Gibbon to * * * on the Government of Berne.—*Appendix to Memoirs of his Life*, vol. I. 388.

racter! A man of bad principles, either private or public, had better let his bitterest enemy write his life than venture to do it himself.

Would you do evil, that good might come? No. But what is evil?—I would put an innocent man to death, to save the lives of many innocent men.

A team of horses should not draw me to a duel; and yet, I would rather receive a shot than a blow. From a shot I might recover—but a blow is an ugly thing. If I could sit down under it, the peace of my life would be gone; for a thousand rascals would strike me, where one would call me into the field.

I attend to the derivation of such words as right, wrong, power, &c., but the names of towns deserve little notice. Such knowledge may assist Chronology; but that is *of little use*. If a man knew the circumstances of Cæsar's assassination, and placed it a hundred years sooner or later, what would it signify? The line between Europe and Asia runs somewhere in the Turkish dominions—I don't know where, perhaps nobody knows; but of what use would it be to know it?

When Dr. Beadon met me in St. Paul's

Church-yard, and said he was to be Bishop of Gloucester, "Then," said I, "I suppose I must never call you Dick again." "Why," replied Beadon pausing at every word, "I don't—exactly—see the necessity—of that."[1]

A man with a little mind will educate his son below himself, and keep him there; that he may say, "What a wise man my father is! my father is a rich grocer."

The more wretched a people are, the severer necessarily are the punishments: a soldier and sailor are punished for mutiny and desertion with

[1] Dr. Richard Beadon, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, is one of the parties between whom the imaginary dialogue in Tooke's Diversions of Purley is held. The extreme intimacy between Horne Tooke and Dr. Beadon, and the very high opinion the Bishop entertained of his friend, are shown in the evidence given by the Bishop on Horne Tooke's Trial for High Treason, 20 Nov. 1794: evidence highly creditable to both parties:

"*Tooke.* I beg your Lordship to say how long we have been acquainted?

Answer. I think it is just forty years now.

Tooke. Was that acquaintance slight, or affectionate and confidential?

Answer. For many years certainly not a slight acquaintance, but very confidential and very intimate," &c. &c.

Gurney's Trial of J. H. Tooke, II. 160, *et seq.*

stripes and death; because the situation they would escape from, is so very terrible. And you may always judge of the comfort or misery of a people by the severity of their penal laws.

An affected man cannot be a moral man. The whole study of his life is to cheat you.

The borough-mongers govern the country. When measures fail, and the people grumble, a few, who fill some responsible places, go out for awhile; and the people are satisfied; but the government continues the same.

I would rather at any time lose a cause than be condemned to hear Adair gain it for me.[2]

There are men who pretend they come into the world, booted and spurred to ride you.

I have made a point of reading all the dramatic writings in every language I know.

I read constantly the Arabian Nights over once in two years, and often once a year, in French.

When in the Tower, I read Tom Jones and Gil Blas again, and some other novels, which a wardour's wife lent me.

[In the Tower he was without the privilege of

[2] Serjeant Adair was one of the counsel for the Crown, on the trial of Horne Tooke for high treason, in 1794.

reading or writing for a fortnight.[1] They then sent him three volumes—one of Locke—one of Chaucer[2]—and Wilkins's Essay.[3] These were found on his table (at Wimbledon) and he was supposed to be reading them.]

Dryden a more universal writer than Voltaire. His prose very fine. His Don Sebastian the best play extant.

It is best to let children read what they like best, till they have formed a taste for reading; and not to direct what books they shall read.

[1] This period of a fortnight appears, by Horne Tooke's MS. note copied below, to be an error, at least as to the volume of Chaucer.

[2] In the volume of Chaucer thus taken to him—an old black-letter copy which he afterwards gave to Mr. Rogers—he made, while in the Tower, many notes in pencil, with reference to the subject of his work *The Diversions of Purley*. Among these is the following note in the margin of the first book of *Boecius, de Consolatione Philosophiæ*. "Tuesday, May 20, 1794. I began to mark this "translation of Boethius, in the Tower, with my pencil, "being denied the use of pen and ink. I was apprehended "at Wimbledon, Friday, May 16, conducted to the Tower, "Monday, May 19, 1794, without any charge; nor can I "conjecture their pretence of charge. Mr. Dundas, Se-"cretary of State, told me in the Privy Council, that 'It "was *conceived* that I was guilty of treasonable practices.' "He refused to tell me *by whom* it was conceived. I

When young, and long afterwards, I read without method.

Was at Paris several times, but saw little of the society there, having few letters. I saw few men of letters, for I was then anything but a man of letters.

Never dream but when not well. Now seldom sleep above two hours together.

The taxes at Genoa were sold to individuals; so that the prosperity of the State, making them more productive, only enriched the purchasers. A nobleman, Griffoni, with immense possessions, retired early and lived most penuriously, to the great indignation and contempt of his fellow-citizens. At last, in his old age, he came out, sacrificed his fortune and its accumulations to

" offered to be examined, *to any extent*, if the Chancellor " or Dundas would declare that there was *any* information " upon oath against me for *any* treason. The Chancellor " said, that I seemed to object to the legality of the *war-* " *rant*; but that I might object to that hereafter, in ano- " ther place." Horne Tooke remarks that he afterwards learnt that at that very moment a bill was brought into the House of Commons to legalise this warrant, and to indemnify the Ministers for issuing it.

[3] Essay towards a Real Character, and a Philosophical Language, by Dr. John Wilkins, Bishop of Chester: published 1668.

the redemption of the taxes, and relieved the people from the intolerable burden. What was the consequence? The Government went to war again, and laid on more. Such would be the consequence here. The redemption of our debt would be a great calamity. The difficulty of extorting money checks the abuse of power. War begets poverty, poverty peace.

When bad times come, I shall take to my garret-window. I shall take no part in them but as a looker on. When the Surgeons are called in, the Physician retires.

"Do as you would be done by," is a scoundrel and paltry precept. A generous man goes beyond it.

No man should be allowed to bequeath his property to any descendant unborn. What affection can he feel for such an heir? What relationship is there between a man and his grandson? Do you set any value on a cucumber, because it sprung from your own excrement? A man has little or no friendship for any human being; and he determines to lock up his property; he therefore leaves it to the offspring of his brother's youngest child. Would you allow such a thing in a state? No, surely.

What does Godwin mean by the perfectibility of Man?[1] That limb is perfect which is fitted to perform all its functions; and that body is perfect which answers all its purposes. He talks errant nonsense.

There is an old French Proverb that must now and then occur to an observer in the present day.: Beaucoup de mal, peu de bruit; Beaucoup de bruit, peu de mal.

Wilkes desired that his tomb should be inscribed, "J. W. a friend to Liberty." I am glad he was not ashamed to show a little gratitude to her in his old age; for she was a great friend to him.[2]

In a dispute between father and son, I have almost always sided with the father. The son's extravagance is generally the cause; and it is

[1] See Godwin's Polit. Just. I. ch. 5, where the author uses the word "perfectible" to express the faculty of receiving perpetual improvement: not as capable, but *in*capable, of attaining to perfection.

[2] John Wilkes, famous as the editor of the "North Briton," and as the opposer of *general warrants*, which, through his perseverance, were judicially declared to be illegal. He obtained, late in life, the lucrative office of City Chamberlain, through his notoriety as a liberal politician.

hard that the father should suffer for the folly of two youths—his son's and his own.

When I was travelling through Italy the post-boy cursed all the saints in Paradise, and five miles round. "Why five miles round?" "Because some of them may be at their Country-houses." When Bonaparte comes to England, his curse, therefore, will not reach me at Wimbledon.

Power, said Lord —— to Tooke, should follow property. Very well, he replied, then we will take the property from you, and the power shall follow it.

When in company at College, a general question arose among the young men—what were their fathers? When it was Tooke's turn to answer it, he said, his was "a Turkey Merchant." He was a poulterer in Clare-Market.

No man can bring himself to believe that he shall die. My brother, who left me £100 a year, and pronounced himself at the point of death, desired that such and such things might be returned to him if he recovered.

Prophecies are thrown about like grain—and some strike and take root—The rest are lost and forgotten.

I believe in a first cause, because every other supposition is more absurd.

[He who sacrifices his good fame to his sense of right, has still his conviction that some circumstances will lead hereafter to a justification of his conduct, at least with those among whom he would wish to build a memory.]

His son had just returned from India, dismissed from some military situation for misconduct. He called in the evening at his father's gate. Tooke was fortunately from home, and has since refused to see him. He has now enlisted as a private into the dragoons. Tooke spoke of it as a great calamity. Three years ago he felt uncommonly well, and promised himself a happy summer; but something, he thought, must happen to prevent it; he was so perfectly free from trouble. His daughters in vain endeavoured to dissuade him from it. In April[1] he was apprehended, and confined. The same presentiment for the same reasons had now returned, and had just been fulfilled.

[1] If this refers to his arrest for High Treason, the word *April* is a mistake for *May*. Vide *supra*, p. 140.

The great use of Education is to give us confidence, and to make us think ourselves on a level with other men. An uneducated man thinks there is a magic in it, and stands in awe of those who have had the benefit of it. It does little for us. No man, as Selden says, is the wiser for his learning.

When children read to you what they do not understand, their minds are exercised in affixing ideas to the words. At least it was so with me.

"So I understand, Mr. T., you have all the blackguards in London with you," said O'Brien to him on the hustings at Westminster.[1] "I am happy to have it, Sir, on such good authority."

"Now young man, as you are settled in town," said my uncle, "I would advise you to take a wife." "With all my heart, Sir; whose wife shall I take?"

[As to the prisoners under sentence, it is but an unhappiness for a few days—not one of them but wishes that he had died last week.

[1] Mr. Tooke was twice candidate for Westminster—in 1790 and 1796—but was unsuccessful on each occasion.

Think nothing of style as style. Truth is all I wish for.]

Man is a little kingdom, and if he makes one passion a favourite at the expense of the rest, he must be miserable. The rest will demand satisfaction.

I have always least to say in the company of pretty women, for it is then that I am most anxious to recommend myself.

Upon his acquittal,[2] a young woman introduced herself to him, as the daughter of one of his Jury. "Then give me leave, Madam," he said, "to call you Sister, for your Father has just given me life."

"The Law," said Judge Ashurst in a charge, "is open to all men, to the poor as well as the rich."—And so is the London Tavern.

On my first visit to Paris, I dressed myself à la mode, and very soon called upon D'Alembert with a letter of introduction. D'Alembert received me very civilly, and talked a little on the topics of the day, on Operas, Comedies, Suppers. I withdrew disappointed, for I saw he thought

[2] On his trial for High Treason, 1794.

little of me, and was followed out of the room by an Englishman in a plain suit, who had sate silent during the conversation. "I beg your pardon, Sir," said the Stranger, "but M. D'Alembert has mistaken your character. He believes you to be a petit maître." I took the hint, and threw off my finery. The stranger was David Hume.

Hume wrote his history, as witches say their prayers—backwards.[1]

If such be their measures, let us resist (murmurs of disapprobation) as the anvil to the hammer.

In England the people believe once a week—on a Sunday.

The hand of the Law is on the Poor, and its shadow on the Rich.

You and I, my dear Brother, have inverted one of the laws of Nature; for you have risen by your gravity, and I have fallen by my levity.[2]

[1] He published the History of the Stuarts first, and then the earlier reigns. Vide *supra*, p. 134.

[2] In Thos. Moore's Memoirs, edited by Lord John Russell, vol. VII, p. 181, Moore attributes this saying, on the authority of Mr. Shiel, to an Irish barrister, Keller,

"If I was compelled (I said somewhere publicly) to make a choice, I should not hesitate to prefer despotism to anarchy." "Then you would do," replied Tooke, "as your Ancestors did at the Reformation. They rejected Purgatory, and kept Hell." [*Lord Grey*, 1837.]

Moore's godfather, addressing some judge. Mr. Rogers's record must have been the earlier in date.

TALLEYRAND.

TALLEYRAND.

WHEN I arrived at Paris on my return to France,[1] Madame de Staël was very anxious to serve me, and I was introduced by her to Barras,[2] who gave me an invitation to his Country House near Marly. I arrived there very early in the day, and was sitting there alone, when two young men entered the room, and began a discussion, saying, Shall we go, or shall we not? At last they cried, "Allons!" and away they went. Not long afterwards there was great distress in the House. They had gone to bathe in the Seine, and one of them, a natural son of Barras

[1] Talleyrand returned to France from America about 1796.

[2] Barras had been a Member of the Convention; and when Talleyrand was introduced to him through the influence of Madame de Staël, in 1797, he was one of the five Directors.

(Query) had been drowned. Barras was inconsolable, and all my endeavours to console him, such as they were, (for I returned with him in his carriage to Paris,) were of no avail; but they gave him such an impression in my favour, that he rendered me every service he could afterwards, and as long as he lived. He introduced me to Napoleon, and I came into office almost immediately.[1] He always spoke of my kindness on that occasion with a warmth that affected me.

That dispatch which Bonaparte published on his retreat from Moscow, was it written by Himself? By Himself certainly.

Which is the best portrait of him? That which represents him at Malmaison. It is done by Isabey. The bust I gave Alexander Baring, done by Canova, is excellent. It stands too low at present.

Did he shave himself? Always; though he was

[1] Madame de Staël says that it was through her influence that Talleyrand got into office, in the Department of Foreign Affairs. She adds, "M. de Talleyrand avoit besoin qu'on l'aidât pour arriver au pouvoir; mais il se passoit ensuite très bien des autres pour s'y maintenir."

Consid. sur la Révol. Franc.

long about it, shaving a little and then conversing, if any body was with him. A king by birth, said he smiling, is shaved by another. He who makes himself *Roi* shaves himself.

Siéyes[2] was the first man in the Revolution—"le premier homme dans la Révolution." To him indeed we owe it entirely. He it was, who accomplished these three measures: The abolition of the three estates, the enrolment of the National Guard, and the division of France into departments. I was walking one day with him in the Champs Elysées, when an officer of the Maréchaussée over-set a poor woman's basket, containing les plaisirs des dames (wafers). "This can never be," said he, "when the National Guard is established."—*March* 22, 1833, *at Lord Holland's.*

[2] L'Abbé Siéyes, a member of the States General in 1789. Though a clergyman he was a deputy of the Tiers-Etat, and he proposed the decree which constituted that Order the National Assembly of France; and thus, in effect, annihilated the power of the two other orders in the assembly. Madame de Staël remarks, "Ce décret passa, et ce décret étoit la révolution elle-même."

Consid. sur la Révol. Franc.

Again at Lord Holland's in Burlington Street.

He [Bonaparte] was with the army of England at Boulogne,[1] when he heard of Mack's being at Ulm. "If it had been mine to place him, I should have placed him there." In an instant the army was in full march,[2] and he in Paris. I attended him to Strasburg,[3] and was alone with him in the house of the Prefet—in one of the chambers there—when he fell, and foamed at the mouth. "Fermez la porte," he cried, and from that moment lay as dead on the floor. Bertier came to the door. "On ne peut pas entrer." The Empress came to the door. "On ne peut pas entrer." In about half an hour he recovered; but what would have been my situation if he had

[1] The army and flotilla he had assembled at Boulogne, with the intention of invading or threatening England.

[2] Napoleon broke up the flotilla and army at Boulogne in the beginning of Sept. 1805, and ordered the march of the army towards the Danube, where the Austrian armies were.

[3] Napoleon reached Strasburg on 26 Sept. 1805.

died?[4] Before day-break he was in his carriage, and in less than sixty hours, the Austrian Army had capitulated.[5]

They lived together. Were they married? Pas tout à fait.

Of Lady F—— S——'s dress: Il commence trop tard, et finit trop tôt. Comme vous voyez.

Of Robert Smith:[6] C'étoit donc votre père qui n'étoit pas si bien.

Vous savez nager, je crois.[7]

[4] The story of Napoleon's illness at Strasburg I repeated to Lucien, who listened to it with great sang-froid. "Have you ever heard it before?" "Never. It is an infirmity to which many great men have been subject—Cæsar among others. My brother was once before attacked in the same way, but then (he said with a smile) he was defeated I believe." S. R.

[5] The Austrian army at Ulm, under General Mack, about 30,000 strong, laid down their arms before Napoleon on 17 Oct. 1805, and shortly afterwards the French army entered Vienna.

[6] On his praising the beauty of his Mother. Mr. Robert Smith was the Brother of the Reverend Sidney Smith; he was familiarly known by the name of *Bobus* Smith.

[7] In answer to a lady who asked, if she and another lady were both in danger of drowning, which he would help first.

I have committed one mistake in life. Et quand finira t'elle?

I suffer the torments of Hell. Déjà?

Talleyrand, in the summer of 1834, arriving at Holland House, and entering the library, where many of the ministers were sitting apart, here and there, in various places, thus addressed them, "Messieurs, vous parlez à l'oreille. Il faut aller au club pour apprendre ce que c'est." And so, said Lord Grey, he went to the Traveller's and learnt it all.—*Lord Grey at Howick. Oct.* 1834.

Charles the tenth requested the last Pope to absolve him from his coronation oath, and was refused. He requested the present Pope, and was absolved.—*Talleyrand to Bobus Smith.*

Talleyrand is still alive, and will continue to live, parceque le Diable en a peur.—*Pozzo di Borgo.*

When Lord Londonderry attacked Talleyrand in Parliament, and I defended him, saying, in

everything as far as I had observed, he had always been fair and honest, Talleyrand burst into tears, saying, " Il est le seul homme qui a jamais dit de bien de moi."—*The Duke of Wellington to S. R.*

THOMAS LORD ERSKINE.

THOMAS LORD ERSKINE.

The First Brief. Greenwich Hospital Cause.[1]

ON a Sunday in June 1778,[2] I was engaged to dine with Agar in New Norfolk Street, who had become acquainted with me at Tunbridge-wells; but I was persuaded by a young man, William Lyon, an Attorney, to walk as far as Enfield Chase and dine with Mr. Barnes, a wine-merchant in St. Mary Axe, remarkable for

[1] This was an application to the Court of King's Bench for a Criminal Information, against Capt. Thos. Baillie, Lieutenant Governor of Greenwich Hospital, for a Libel contained in a printed Case and memorial addressed to the Governors of the Hospital, in which he exposed serious abuses in that Hospital, and reflected severely on the conduct of the parties having the management of it.

Howell's State Trials, vol. XXI.

[2] This was shortly before he was called to the Bar, which took place on 6 July, 1778: see below, p. 165.

the excellence of his claret. When half way, he challenged me to leap over a ditch by the road-side. I leaped over it; but, in returning, the bank gave way, and I fell and sprained my ankle. The Expedition was over; I could proceed no farther, and returned in a stage coach.

I had left Kentish town and was then living in Red Lion Passage, while a house which I had taken in Serjeants Inn, was painting and white-washing. My wife was confined at the time, and at her suggestion I resolved to keep my engagement at Agar's. She said I was properly punished, and I felt that I was.

When I arrived the dinner was begun. A tall man drew his chair aside, and I went into the gap. He talked much about the pictures, and so did I, though I knew little of the subject, turning that little to as good an account as I could. When dinner was over, he drew Agar aside, and asked who I was. Agar said I was a lawyer, and said much in my favour. "Could he be prevailed upon to take a brief from my brother?" "Perhaps he could," said Agar in his pompous manner. I knew nothing of this conversation, but on my return home next day, my Servant, John Nicholls, who had served under me in the

Royals,[1] and who, when he set my books, in order, used always to place the bible atop, as that, he said, was the best book, told me when he opened the door, that I must be in another scrape, for a cross ill-looking man, in a large gold-laced cocked hat, had been twice inquiring for me. "He insists, Sir, upon seeing you, and is at this moment waiting for you in Bloomsbury Square Coffee-house."

I went there, and there I found an old seaman with a furrowed face. He was sitting gloomily in one of the boxes, with a small red trunk on the table before him, and his sword lying on the trunk. I mentioned my name. He said, "There are my papers. Will you read them over?" It ended in my taking them home.

I was called to the bar in a few days (6th of July); and at a consultation held on the 1st of November, Bearcroft, Peckham and Murphy[2]

[1] The Royals, or First Regiment of Foot, in which Lord Erskine had been a Lieutenant before studying for the Bar.

[2] These were three of the counsel retained, with Erskine, for the defendant. They were probably surprised at a mere novice venturing to express an opinion contrary to that of his Leaders.

were for consenting to a compromise; our client to pay all costs. "My advice, Gentlemen," I said, "may savour more of my late profession "than my present, but I am against consenting." "I'll be damned if I do," said Baillie, and he hugged me in his arms, crying "You are the man for me." "Then the consultation is over," said Bearcroft. "It is," I replied. "Let us walk in the gardens."

When the cause came on[1] the Senior Counsel exhausted the day, and the patience of the Court. It grew dusk and my turn arrived; when Lord Mansfield adjourned. I began next morning, fresh, and before a fresh audience; and when it was over,[2] all crowded round me. Sir Archibald M^c^Donald[3] had known me at school. Lee[4]

[1] On the 23d Nov. 1778, in the King's Bench before Lord Mansfield. The three Counsel, above named, spoke for the defendant on that day, and Erskine spoke on the following morning, after which the Counsel for the Prosecutors replied.

[2] The defendant was successful, the application for leave to prosecute him being refused, with costs.

[3] A leading barrister at the time, subsequently Solicitor-General and Attorney-General.

[4] A leading barrister afterwards Solicitor-General.

had known my father at Harrowgate. And that night I went home and saluted my wife, with sixty-five retaining fees in my pocket.

Had I not taken a nobleman's degree of M.A. I could not have been called to the bar till two years afterwards.[5] I was then in my twenty-ninth year, having been born on the 21st of January 1749.[6]

The Geranium was mine. Not so the Birth of the Rose, a Poem ascribed to me.

> *Dictated by him to me as I sat with my pen in my hand after dinner in St. James's Place in* 1816. *S. R.*

Often was I employed to establish a Will, and the history of one of them I can never forget.

Two old Maids in a Country Town, being

[5] He had taken a degree of M.A. at Cambridge, in June, 1778.

[6] In Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors, it is said that Lord Erskine was born in January, 1750. Lord Erskine possibly gave the date of his birth according to the old style, and Lord Campbell, according to the new style, introduced in 1752. This would reconcile the difference in their statements.

quizzical in their dress and demeanour, were not unfrequently the sport of the idle boys in the market place, and being once so beset on their way to Church, a young Curate who had been just appointed there, reproved the Urchins as he passed by in his gown and cassock, and, offering an arm to each of the Ladies, conducted them triumphantly into their pew near the Pulpit.

A great intimacy followed, and, dying not long afterwards, they left him all they had. The Will was disputed, and, when I rose in my place to establish it, I related the Story, and said, "Such, Gentlemen, is the value of small courtesies. In my first Speech here I was browbeaten by the Judge upon the bench, and honest Jack Lee[1] took my part. When he died he left me this bag, and I need not say how much I value it. It shall serve me while I live, and when I die I will be buried in it."—*After dinner at Holland House.*

[1] See Lord Erskine's mention of Lee, *supra*, p. 166.

WALTER SCOTT.

WALTER SCOTT.

Feb. 1834.

MY DEAR SIR,[1]

YOU asked me not long ago if I could recall any of his [Walter Scott's] conversation. Happy should I be if I could; but, with a single exception, I can only remember generally the charm which he threw around him wherever he came. That exception is however at your service.

Sitting one day alone with him in your house, (it was the day but one before he left it to embark at Portsmouth for Malta,) I led him, among other things, to tell me once again a story of himself which he had formerly told me, and which I had often wished to recover. When I

[1] This letter and the following anecdote were communicated by Mr. Rogers to Mr. Lockhart, and are printed in Lockhart's Life of Scott.

returned home I wrote it down, as nearly as I could, in his own words; and here they are.

The subject is an achievement worthy of Ulysses himself, and such as many of his school-fellows could, no doubt, have related of him; but, I fear, I have done it no justice, though the story is so very characteristic that it should not be lost. The inimitable manner in which he told it—the glance of the eye, the turn of the head, and the light that played over his faded features as, one by one, the circumstances came back to him, accompanied by a thousand boyish feelings that had slept perhaps for years — these no language, not even his own, could convey to you; but you can supply them. Would that others could do so, who had not the good fortune to know him! S. R.

To his Son in Law, John Lockhart.

"There was a boy in my class at school who stood always at the top; nor could I with all my efforts supplant him. Day passed after day and still he kept his place, do what I would; till at length I observed that, when a question was asked him, he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button in the lower part of his

waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes; and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure; and it succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought again for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress he looked down for it; it was to be seen no more than to be felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it; or ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong.

"Often in after-life, has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him; and often have I resolved to make him some reparation; but it ended in good resolutions. Though I never renewed my acquaintance with him, I often saw him; for he filled some inferior office in one of the Courts of law at Edinburgh. Poor fellow! He took early to drinking, and I believe he is dead."

Friday, Oct. 21, 1831, *the day but one before he set off for Naples.*

LORD GRENVILLE.

LORD GRENVILLE.

Dropmore, Sept. 1823.

I HAVE often heard Mr. Pitt talk about Bolingbroke, but do not think he admired him much.[1]

He [Mr. Pitt] ascribed his own fluency to the following circumstance. At Hayes,[2] where they lived in great seclusion, it was his custom in the morning to construe his Author, Virgil or Livy, to his tutor, Mr. Wilson; and in the evening, after tea, to translate the same passage freely, with the book open before him, to his father, and the rest of the Family. He often mentioned this to me as the way he thought he had acquired his fluency in public speaking; and

[1] See Mr. Grattan's statement as to Mr. Pitt's wish to possess the speeches of Bolingbroke.—*Ante*, p. 103.

[2] Hayes, in Kent, the seat of Mr. Pitt's father, William, Earl of Chatham, whose wife was the sister of Lord Grenville's father.

it is remarkable that in conversation, when an Antient Writer was quoted, he always turned the passage into English (for his own use, as it seemed) before he appeared completely to enter into it; a habit I ascribe to this practice.[1]

Mr. Fox's speeches were full of repetition. He used to say that it was necessary to hammer it into them; but I rather think he could not do otherwise. His speech on the Westminster Scrutiny[2] was the best I ever heard him make. It was a wonderful display of eloquence. I did not hear him latterly.

Once in my holidays, when I passed ten days at Hayes, Lord Chatham was confined to his bed with the gout. When I was going away he sent

[1] Redhead Yorke mentions his being present when somebody quoted the following passage from the "De claris Oratoribus" [of Cicero] to Mr. Pitt: "Est cum eloquentiâ sicut flammâ: materie alitur, motû excitatur, et urendo clarescit." It was observed that it was untranslatable; on which Mr. Pitt immediately replied, "No, I should translate it thus:—'It is with eloquence as with a flame. It requires fuel to feed it, motion to excite it, and it brightens as it burns.'"—*Note in Common Place Book of Samuel Rogers.*

[2] In Ho. of Com. 8th June, 1784.—*Parl. Hist.* XXIV. p. 883, &c.

for me to his bed side, and among other questions asked me what book I was reading. When I answered, "Virgil," he said, "A good book! you cannot read a better. In what part are you? Do you remember these lines?

> 'Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo;
> Projice tela manu, sanguis meus.'"[3]

I quoted them in a speech on the American War. "A great Poet, and no greater Poet than Statesman, has told you how you should act on this occasion."

Nothing more shows the malice of some of Milton's biographers, than the pleasure they take in relating that Milton suffered corporal punishment at college.[4] It was then and long afterwards

[3] Æneid, VI. 834.

[4] The story is said to have been first told by Aubrey in his short MS. notes on the life of Milton, (see John Aubrey's Lives of Eminent Men, vol. II. p. 444, of "Letters of Eminent Persons, &c. Lond. 1813,") where the author says of Milton, "His first tutor there [at Cambridge] was Mr. "Chapell, from whom receiving some unkindness (whipt "him), he was afterwards transferred to the tuition of one "Mr. Towell." The words "whipt him" appear interlined in the MS. This statement of Aubrey's is quoted,

in constant use at both Universities; nor would it have been anything unusual, if he had received it; but it is no where said that he had. The lines quoted from him by Johnson[1] are followed by others from which it may be clearly inferred that he suffered rustication,[2] and therefore not corporal punishment. A good life of Milton is much wanted. No man ever acted up to his belief of what was right, more conscientiously and firmly.

and believed by Thos. Warton, in his Life of Dean Bathurst, p. 153, and in his "Minor Poems of Milton," p. 418. It is alluded to by Johnson in his Life of Milton, who relates it, but not, apparently, with pleasure. He says, "I am ashamed to relate what I fear is true, that Milton," &c. Even if this be thought "the insult of affected concern," as Symmons calls it, yet is it not concern or shame for the University rather than for Milton?

[1] The lines quoted by Johnson in his life of Milton:—

"Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri,
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo,"

are interpreted by him as probably signifying the infliction of corporal punishment. Hayley, in his Life of Milton (p. 16), interprets the above lines as meaning threats only of punishment, which he conceives was not inflicted.

[2] Symmons considers it as proved by the College Register that Milton was not rusticated, and did not lose a term, as Johnson had thought probable.—*Symmons's Life of Milton.*

Lord Chatham, according to Mrs. A. Pitt, was always reading Spencer.[3] "He who knows Spencer," says Burke, "has a good hold on the English tongue."

Gibbon's notes are delightful.

Locke an extraordinary man, though in metaphysics he blundered about ideas, and though in politics he believed in an original compact; (how can a man bind his grandchild unborn?) In theology I am told, by those who understand those matters, that he erred most of all.

I think that the three greatest men that England has produced, were Bacon, Newton, and Milton.

Sheridan's speech on the Begums in the House of Commons[4] admirable—in Westminster Hall[5] contemptible. I heard both.

Burke's draft of a petition for the Peers, in one of his latter volumes, perhaps his greatest effort of eloquence.

[3] Mrs. Anne Pitt told Mr. Grattan that Lord Chatham had never read but one book—The Faëry Queene. Vide *supra*, p. 104.

[4] On 7 Feb. 1787, on the charge against Warren Hastings.—*Parl. Hist.* XXVI. p. 274, *et seq.*

[5] On 3 June, 1788, and later days.

Earl St. Vincent a great man. He enforced discipline at the expence of his popularity. Not rewarded as he deserved; but the late King had many prejudices: his was perhaps the narrowest mind I ever knew.

The more we know of King William the Third, the more we must admire him. How superior to his ministers, as we learn more particularly from the Shrewsbury Papers. The House of Orange produced three very great men, William the first Prince,[1] Prince Maurice,[2] and William the Third. Compared with these, how insignificant the Idol of the French, Henry the Fourth.

July, 1825.

He sits, summer and winter, on the same sofa, his favourit? books on the shelves just over his head.

Roger Ascham's style laboured and artificial. Yet I often read him. Here he is just above me.

Milton always within reach.

[1] Prince of Orange; Stadtholder of Holland from about 1577 till his assassination in June, 1584.

[2] Maurice of Nassau; Prince of Orange, and Stadtholder of Holland from 1584 to 1625.

Lord Bathurst left us while we were walking. "Lord Bathurst," I said, "is gone to his business." "I would rather he was there than I. If I was to live my life over again," he continued with a sigh, "I should do very differently."

We sate down to rest in the Pinery seat, inscribed

"Pulcherrima pinus in hortis,"[3]

and the clock of the stables struck twelve. Few things, he said, affect me more than a clock—its duration—its perseverance—the same voice, morning, noon, and night. There is somewhere a good account of a castle-clock in the mysteries of Udolpho. "That old fellow crowed through the siege, and is crowing still."[4] Yes, says he (the clock was then striking) that voice will be heard long after I am in my grave and forgotten. [Not forgotten, S. R.]

Dugald Stewart in his Philosophical Essays, p. 420, gives a good description of a clock. He

[3] Virgil. Eclog. VII. 65.

[4] Mysteries of Udolpho, chap. 34.

gives it as another's, but he owned it to be his, when I mentioned it to him.[1]

The passage I admire most in the Odyssey is where Menelaus mentions his affection for Ulysses; and Telemachus weeps.[2]

I once said to Mr. Pitt, not at all in the way of flattery, "How came you to speak with a fluency and correctness so much beyond any of us?" "Why," he replied, "I have always thought "that what little command of language I have, "came from a practice I had of reading off in the "family after tea some passage in Livy or Cicero, "which I had learnt in the morning." And to this practice, said Lord Grenville, I think it was owing that whenever a sentence from the classics

[1] Dugald Stewart quotes it as from Bailly's Histoire de l'Astronomie Moderne: he speaks of the attention of the Astronomical Observer being drawn, among other secondary things, "to the silent lapse of time interrupted only by the beats of the Astronomical Clock." In a subsequent note he says he finds he has not quoted correctly; and appears to admit that it was not to be found in Bailly's work.

[2] Odyssey, IV. 100, &c.

was quoted, he always translated it aloud to himself before he went on farther. (This anecdote Lord Grenville related to me, the last time, of his own accord, when we were sitting by ourselves one day after dinner; and I have put it down again, on account of the way in which he introduced it. S. R.)

Mr. Pitt used often to repeat with pleasure the six or eight lines added by Mrs. Rowe to Rowe's Lucan.

You have not named the best style in its way: —Blackstone's.[3]

Raleigh's "O eloquent, just, and mighty Death," one of the finest, if not the finest, passage in English prose.[4]

Mitford, in his account of Xenophon's place of retirement,[5] struck me exceedingly.

[3] Mr. Fox makes the same remark.—*Supra*, p. 32.

[4] O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded, what none have dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised: thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, HIC JACET.—*Raleigh's History of the World*, Part I. Book v. p. 669.

[5] See Mitford's Greece, III, c. 28, s. 9. The place was Scillus, in the Peloponnesus.

I have seldom been so vexed, as when I introduced the present King of France, Charles the Tenth,[1] to the old King.[2] He had desired to be presented, and it was not to be refused, and the audience was necessarily a private one. When I announced him in the closet, the King began a conversation running from topic to topic. He was often at a loss; but was unwilling to come to a conclusion, till I reminded him that Monsieur was at the door. The King spoke French very ill, and was always embarrassed on receiving a foreigner. As for the Bourbons, he hated them all, and indeed had no reason to love them.

At first, I understand, he spelt ill when writing English; but improved afterwards.

Castlereagh ignorant to the last, with no principle or feeling, right or wrong. Before he spoke, he would collect what he could on the subject, but never spoke above the level of a

[1] Then Monsieur, the brother of Lewis XVIII.

[2] George III.

newspaper. Had three things in his favour, Tact, good humour, and courage.

Liverpool[3] indolent in the extreme. Has no speaker on his side. If the Chancellor (Lord Eldon) speaks, it is generally to oppose him.

Never was such a thing done, as sending a cabinet minister[4] to Vienna to act as he pleased, one who was irresponsible, one who knew nothing, and who had never looked into a map.

Gibbon's best work, his review of the Roman Empire in the first volume, his only instance of generalizing.

Mr. Pitt used often to repeat the beginning of the Preface to Eikonoclastes,[5] quoted by Symmons: "To descant on the misfortunes of a person fallen," &c. I. 401.

He always spoke of Lord Chatham with affection, and no wonder; for there never was a father more partial to a son. How well I remember

[3] The Earl of Liverpool was then (1825) Prime Minister.

[4] Lord Castlereagh, who attended the Congress of Vienna, in 1815.

[5] By Milton: quoted in Symmons's Life of Milton.

the hornets' nest mentioned in Lord Chatham's letter! (See Bishop Prettyman's Life.[1]) I was at Hayes at the time.

The two speeches, and the only ones (I believe I may say it confidently from my intimacy with him,) which he [Mr. Pitt] himself corrected, were those on the Sinking Fund[2] and on the answer to Bonaparte's Letter.[3] The first was a very indifferent speech.

He read the Poets, and had certainly imagination. Once, when the subject for the Prize at Oxford was given out, I observed, "What an impossible subject for a Poem! What can the poor boys make of it?" "A good deal," he replied; and, walking up and down the room, he recited in *his* prose a poem on the subject. I have often regretted that I did not go up stairs and write it down.

In his earlier life he was gay and delightful in conversation. At last his temper clouded.

[1] Letter from Lord Chatham to Mr. Pitt, dated Hayes, 2 Sept. 1774.—*Tomlin's Life of Pitt*, vol. i. pp. 15, 16.

[2] The sinking fund was proposed by Pitt to Parliament on 29 March, 1786.—*Parl. Hist.* xxv. 1294, *et seq.*

[3] On Buonaparte's letter to George III, making overtures for a general peace: 22 Jan. 1800.—*Parl. Hist.* xxxiv. p. 1301, *et seq.*

Dr. Addington[4] ruined his health. Port wine was Addington's great remedy; and at Hayes I used to wonder at the bumpers they were drinking, confined as I was to water. Afterwards it became necessary to him; and though never more affected by it than others in general, he certainly drank freely.

He was fond of Holwood,[5] and showed taste in the planting;[6] but he mismanaged the water sadly; and laughed when I remonstrated against his levelling, as he did, part of the fortification in the Roman camp there. All the Roman remains among us, and whatever related to Gothic or ancient times, he held in no great respect.

No man could wish more to preserve peace with France. His heart was set upon peace, and upon financial improvements. The war was forced upon him.

I once sent a short-hand writer to take notes of his speeches; but the notes were so imperfect that the scheme failed. All the reporters were

[4] A physician: the father of Viscount Sidmouth.

[5] Holwood, near Bromley, in Kent; Mr. Pitt's residence.

[6] When a boy, he [William Pitt] used to go a birdnesting in the woods of Holwood, and it was always, he told me, his wish to call it his own.—*Lord Bathurst to S. R.*

against us; and their misrepresentations were with us a constant source of complaint.

When Bishop Prettyman sent me part of his Memoirs, containing little more than extracts from Woodfall's Parliamentary Register, I told him frankly how wrong it was in a confidential friend of Mr. Pitt to lend his countenance to such misrepresentations. He returned me an unsatisfactory answer, and I declined reading any more.

I had no great respect for Pope, but was sorry for the destruction of his garden.[1] There was an old summer-house of Burke's at Beaconsfield pulled down; and I have often regretted that I did not buy it and set it up somewhere at Dropmore.

What a crime did Lord Verulam commit! I have often looked at him in the House of Lords as he sat there in his insignificance, and have said to myself, "That is the man who pulled down Bacon's House."[2]

[1] At his villa at Twickenham. See an account of the altered state of the garden in William Howitt's Haunts and Homes of British Poets, vol. i. p. 171, &c.

[2] Gorhambury House, near St. Albans, and within the

Jan. 21, 1834.[3]

To him may be applied what Cicero says of Pompey.—"Non possum ejus casum non dolere: hominem enim integrum et castum et gravem cognovi." *Ad. Att.* XI. *ep.* 6.—*Lord Holland to S. R.*

NOTE BY SAMUEL ROGERS.

In a walk round Hyde Park with Mr. Thomas Grenville,[4] in August 1841, he said;

"My Father lived at Wotton;[5] and, if I re-

bounds of Old Verulam. A few ruins of the mansion remained when Mr. Basil Montagu visited the spot in 1829. Lord Bacon had lived there when a child, and there when a child Queen Elizabeth first noticed him. It had been the residence of his father, Sir Nicholas Bacon.—*Montagu's Life of Lord Bacon*, CCCCXLIX.

[3] Lord Grenville died 12 Jan. 1834.

[4] Mr. Thomas Grenville was one of the elder brothers of Lord Grenville. He was born in 1755, second son of the Right Honourable George Grenville, and younger brother of George, afterwards Marquis of Buckingham. Richard, Earl Temple, was his Uncle. Mr. T. Grenville left his valuable library to the British Museum.

[5] At Wotton, Bucks.

member right, it was in 1767, when I was in my twelfth year, and my brother George and myself (Eton boys) were at home for the Midsummer holidays, that Lord Chatham[1] and Lord Temple[2] came there on a visit. We dined at three o'clock, and at half past four sallied out to the Nine-Pin Alley; where Lord Chatham and Lord Temple, two very tall men, the former in the 59th, the latter in the 57th, year of his age, played for an hour and a half; each taking one of us for his partner. The Ladies sate by, looking on, and drinking their coffee; and in our walk home we stopped to regale ourselves with a syllabub under the Cow.

"The nine-pins were larger and heavier than any I have seen since; and it was our business as youngsters, to set them up at the conclusion of every game.

"My brother William (Lord Grenville) was not present, being only eight years old."[3]

[1] William Pitt, created Earl of Chatham 1766, and died 1778.

[2] Richard, Earl Temple, who died 1779. His sister was the wife of William, Earl of Chatham.

[3] Lord Grenville was born in 1759.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

SPAIN.

BUONAPARTE, in my opinion, committed one of his greatest errors when he meddled with Spain; for the animosity of the people was unconquerable, and it was almost impossible to get us out of that Corner. I have often said it would be his ruin; though I might not live to see it. A conqueror, like a cannon-ball, must go on. If he rebounds, his career is over.

[Buonaparte was certainly as clever a man as ever lived, but he appears to me to have wanted sense on many occasions.]

At one time I expected him there [in Spain] in person, and him by himself I should have regarded at least as an accession of 40,000 men.

Clausel was the best General employed against me there. He gave me a great deal of trouble;

for every night he took a good position, and every morning I had to turn and dislodge him.

Once I thought I *had* him; but it pleased a young gentleman of ours to go and dine at a Cabaret in the valley a mile or two off. Clausel's reconnoitring party fell in with him, and Clausel took the alarm and was gone. He was then a young man, and is now (1824) in disgrace and in America. If there was a war we should hear of him again.

In Spain, and also in France, I used continually to go alone and reconnoitre almost up to their Piquets. Seeing a single horseman in his cloak, they disregarded me as some Subaltern. No French General, said Soult, would have gone without a guard of at least a thousand men.

Everywhere I received intelligence from the Peasants and the Priests. The French learnt nothing.

At Vittoria they were hourly expecting Clausel with reinforcements, and I was taking my measures accordingly, when Alava brought me an Inn-keeper, who said, "Make yourself easy, Sir; he is now quietly lodged for the night in my house six leagues off." So saying, he returned to attend upon him, and I lost no time.

Gordon (afterwards killed at Waterloo) passed the night in an Osteria with some French Officers, and no sooner were they asleep than a Spanish child in the room made gestures to Gordon, drawing the edge of his hand across his throat.—"And why so?" said Gordon in the morning when they were gone.—"Because I knew you to be an Englishman by your sword and your spurs."

"Don't drink of that Well," said a Spanish Woman to an English Soldier. "Is it poisoned?"—"Some Frenchmen are there," she replied, "and more than you can count." Whenever a Frenchman came and looked into it, she sent him in, headlong.

The French were cruel to their guides. One, whom we found dead in the road, had conducted them within sight of the Castle they were in search of; and no sooner had he pointed to it on the hill than he received a bullet from a pistol at the back of his head. We found him an hour afterwards lying on his face where he fell, and learnt in a neighbouring village that he had been hired there. They wished to conceal their movements from us; but why not detain him for a day or two?

We were blockading Pampeluna when Buonaparte sent Soult from Dresden to relieve it. "Il a la meilleure tête de tous pour la guerre," said he; and Soult came with an immense army, having collected all he could. Our blockading force was small, but I knew of the intention; and, assembling our troops from all quarters as fast as possible, I rode on before them to show myself to the Blockaders, and also to the Enemy. The first received me with three shouts, for they knew that I should not come alone; and by the last, even if not so announced, I was sure to be discovered, for I was almost within gun-shot.[1]

There was a Spy in the habit of going from camp to camp. We called him Don Uran de la Rosa; and he dined with us and the French alternately. "Who is he and what is he?" said Alava when he saw him at table. "A

[1] This is mentioned by Napier, as on 27 July, 1813, the day before the first battle of Sauroren, in the Pyrenees. The shout was first raised by one of the Portuguese Battalions under General Campbell, and, being caught up by the next Regiments, swelled as it ran along the line.
Napier's Peninsular War, VI. 130.

Spaniard, an Andalusian," they replied.—"No Spaniard," said Alava; "he may be Cagliostro, or any body else, but no Spaniard."

He was for ever talking as Frenchmen are, and always at my elbow. He had just left the French, and he said to me when I was reconnoitring, "Do you wish to see Marshal Soult?" "Certainly." "There he is, then!" I looked through my glass, and saw him distinctly[2]—so distinctly as to know him instantly when I met him afterwards in Paris; as I did several times, though never to exchange ten words with him.[3] He was sitting on his horse, and writing a despatch on his hat; while an Aide-de-Camp waited by him; to whom, when he had done, he delivered it, pointing with much earnestness in one direction again and again. "I see enough," I replied, and gave the glass to another, saying to him, "Observe which way that gentleman goes." He galloped off as directed; and I knew at once, as I thought, where the attack was to be made.

[2] Napier mentions this circumstance.—*Pen. War*, vi. 130.

[3] I met them afterwards together at a small tea-party in London, and the respect of Soult for the Duke was very remarkable. S. R.

" That is my weakest point," said I to myself; and I prepared accordingly; of such use, as I had always maintained, are glasses.

He [Soult] looked much lustier than now, and just as his son now does. I beat him thoroughly the next day[1] or the day after, and drove him back into France. I should have done still more but for an accident. A trooper or two of his fell in with some stragglers of ours, and, snatching them up behind them, galloped off to the camp, that Soult might gather from them what he could.[2]

The name of this fellow [the Spy] was Ozille. Latterly I would not let him come near me, and had him always observed. So he could not shift his quarters. [When I was Ambassador at Paris, he came and begged me to make interest with Soult for the settlement of his accounts. " How can I?" I said, laughing, " when we

[1] The 1st battle of Sauroren, or of the Pyrenees, on 28 July, 1813, and subsequent battles on the 30 July and following days.—*Napier's Peninsular War*, VI. 136, *et seq.*

[2] This happened on 31 July, 1813, while Wellington was waiting near Elizondo to surprise Soult, who was at San Estevan in his retreat from Pampeluna into France.—*Ibid.* VI. 156.

made such use of you as we did?" They were settled, however, if we could believe him.]

After the battle of Toulouse[3] I went to Paris, and was on my return to the army when Soult and I met half way. Each of us had six horses to his carriage, and the postillions, as usual, stopped on the road to change. I was fast asleep, and knew nothing of the matter; but Soult, learning from my courier who I was, came to the front of my carriage, as I was afterwards told, and during the operation observed me through his glass as I lay there. At Paris I knew him immediately, though I had only seen him through mine.[4] Massena, I remember, was at the same dinner, and said to me, "Vous m'avez rendu les cheveux gris."

When Massena was opposed to me, and in the field, I never slept comfortably.

Soult was much affected by appearances. Once, before the battle of the Pyrenees, when I was preparing for action, our men happened to

[3] Which took place on 10 April, 1814, between Wellington and Soult, and was followed by an Armistice and Peace.

[4] Before the battle of Sauroren in the Pyrenees.—Vide *supra*, p. 198.

shout, and I said, "Soult will not come out to-day." Nor did he; for he thought we had received some great re-inforcement.[1]

Whether Soult, at his age, [March, 1831] would now serve in case of a war I cannot say. He is a great man in the Administration of War; but less in battle, less in what are called "Les Stratagèmes de la Guerre." In the battle of the Pyrenees he made many desperate attacks; but I was everywhere prepared for him.

Marmont throws the fault on others, but I think he was to blame at Salamanca;[2] for he spread his Army, thinking that we wished to make off; and with my whole force I made a sudden attack on his centre, in front and in rear. It was said, and said truly, that we defeated forty thousand men in forty minutes. He was, however, a very excellent Officer.

In Spain I never marched the troops long.

[1] Napier relates this circumstance from hearsay somewhat differently though to the same effect.—*Pen. War*, VI. 130.

[2] Fought 22 July, 1812.

Twenty-five miles were the utmost. They set off, usually, at five or six in the morning, and took their ground by one. In India they could go further. Once in one day I marched them seventy-two miles. Starting at three in the morning, they went twenty-five miles, and halted at noon. Then I made them lie down to sleep, setting sentinels over them; and at eight they started again, marching till one at noon the next day; when we were in the Enemy's Camp. In Europe we cannot do so much. For in England we send them by a canal into the interior, and along the coast by a smack. In India they *must* walk.

I look upon it that all men require two pounds weight of food a day; the English not more than the French. Vegetable food is less convenient than Animal food, the last walking with you.

The elastic woven Corslet would answer well over the Cuirass. It saved me, I think, at Orthez;[3] where I was hit on the hip. I was never struck but on that occasion, and there I was not

[3] In Spain.

wounded. I was on horseback again the same day.[1]

In Spain I shaved myself over-night, and usually slept five or six hours; sometimes, indeed, only three or four, and sometimes only two. In India I never undressed; it is not the custom there; and for many years in the Peninsula I undressed very seldom; never for the first four years.

English horses are the best of all for military service; and mares are better than geldings. They endure more fatigue, and recover from it sooner.

War in Spain is much less of an evil than in other countries. There is no property to destroy. Enter a house, the walls are bare; there is no furniture.

———, when at our head quarters in Spain, wished to see an Army, and I gave directions that he should be conducted through ours. When he returned, he said, " I have seen no-

[1] Sir Wm. Napier, in a letter to Lord John Russell, says that the Duke was twice hit; once at Salamanca, and a second time at Orthez.—*Memoirs of Moore,* VIII. *at end, as a note to Vol.* V. 57.

thing—Nothing but here and there little clusters of men in confusion; some cooking, some washing, and some sleeping." "Then you have seen an Army," I said.

* *

I should like much to tell the truth; but if I did, I should be torn to pieces, here or abroad. I have indeed no time to write, much as I might wish to do so; and I am still [December, 1827] too much in the world to do it. There is a history of the Campaign in Spain of 1808 or 9, in English with French notes, that is admirable as to the French Movements, and was written most probably by some Irishman, then with Soult.

Napier has great materials, and means well; but he is too much influenced by anything that makes for him, even by an assertion in a News paper.

I do not think much of Southey.

The Subaltern[2] is excellent, particularly in the American Expedition to New Orleans. He describes all he sees.

[2] By G. R. Gleig: first published anonymously in Blackwood's Magazine, 1825, 1827.

After the battle of Vittoria the Spaniards said, "You came over the English Menden," — a basque word for a chain of hills—"Your Black Prince came over them, and there he fought for Don Pedro the Cruel. At that old Castle he had his head quarters." It agrees with the account in Froissardt.[1]

He [the Duke] would often come into my room when he rose, and converse for a few minutes. But once (it was during the Siege of Burgos) he came and walked about and said

[1] The battle of Navarretta, near Vittoria, in Spain, fought on 3 April, 1367, by the Black Prince and Don Pedro the Cruel against Henry de Transtamare, King of Castille, and Don Tello, in which the Black Prince was victorious.—*Froissardt*, I. c. 241. General Napier states the name of "Englishman's Hill" to have been given to a neighbouring hill, not in commemoration of the Black Prince's victory, but on account of the gallant defence of the spot against the Spanish by some English Knights, and two hundred men, (a part of the Black Prince's army,) who, after holding it long against superior numbers, were there all slain, This agrees with Froissardt's account, who describes the defence of the hill as happening a short time before the battle of Navarretta.—*Froissardt*, I. c. 239. *Napier's Pen. War*, V. 580.

nothing. At last he opened the door, and said as he went out, "Cocks[2] was killed last night." *F. Ponsonby.*[3]

WATERLOO.

When Buonaparte left Elba for France, I was at Vienna and received the news from Lord Burghersh, our Minister at Florence. The instant it came I communicated it to every member of the Congress, and all laughed; the Emperor of Russia most of all. "What was in your letter to his Majesty this morning," said his Physician; "for when he broke the seal, he clapped his hands and burst out a laughing?" Various were the conjectures as to whither he was gone; but none

[2] Somers Cocks, killed at the siege of Burgos on 7 Oct. 1812. He had distinguished himself in the first assault (as Major Cocks) on the 19th Sept. for which he was promoted to the rank of Colonel; and lost his life while gallantly repulsing the French from the British trenches, within so short a time after his promotion.—*Napier's Pen. War.*

[3] The Honourable Frederick Cavendish Ponsonby, son of the Earl of Besborough, Lieut. Colonel in 12th Dragoons.(?) He was afterwards wounded at the battle of Waterloo.

would hear of France. All were sure that in France he would be massacred by the people, when he appeared there. I remember Talleyrand's words so well: "Pour la France—Non!"

Buonaparte I never saw; though during the battle [Waterloo] we were once, I understood, within a quarter of a mile of each other. I regret it much; for he was a most extraordinary man. To me he seems to have been at his acmé at the Peace of Tilsit, and gradually to have declined afterwards.

[He would have done better, I think, to have stood on the defensive. Six hundred thousand men would have gathered round him, and the jostling of so many would have been terrible. If he had waited for his moment and attacked when and where he pleased from the centre, his success in one instance might have been fatal to the rest.]

At Waterloo he had the finest army he ever commanded; and everything up to the onset, must have turned out as he wished. Indeed he could not have expected to beat the Prussians, as he did at Ligny,[1] in four hours.

[1] Fought two days before the battle of Waterloo. See Sir Henry Hardinge's Memoranda, p. 213, *infra*.

But two such armies as those at Waterloo, have seldom met, if I may judge from what they did on that day. It was a battle of giants! a battle of giants!

Many of my troops were new; but the new fight well, though they manœuvre ill; better perhaps than many who have fought and bled.

As to the way in which some of our ensigns and lieutenants braved danger—the boys just come from school—it exceeds all belief. They ran as at Cricket.

Very early in the day the Nassau Brigade were shifting their ground from an orchard; and when I remonstrated with them, they said in their excuse that the French were in such force near them. It was to no purpose that I pointed to our Guards on the right. It would not do; and so bewildered were they, that they sent a few shots after me as I rode off. "And with these men," I said to the Corps Diplomatique who were with me, "And with these men I am to win the battle." They shrugged their shoulders.

How did they behave in the action? Well enough; and it should be remembered that, as they had never served with us, we had not acquired

their confidence. They had come over to us at Bayonne,[1] having formed the rear-guard of the French Army in Spain; and knowing as they now did, that Buonaparte was in the field, their dread of him must have borne some proportion to the courage with which he had formerly inspired them.

I never saw the narrative of Lady de Lancy; [I should like much to see it.[2] I never saw her. I heard she went through a good deal.] De Lancy was with me and speaking to me when he was struck. We were on a point of land that overlooked the plain, and I had just been warned off by some soldiers; (but as I saw well from it, and as two divisions were engaging below, I had said "Never mind,") when a ball came leaping along

[1] On 10 Dec. 1813, after the battle of Barrouilhet, near Bayonne.—*Napier's Pen. War*, VI. 387.

[2] An interesting account in MS. by Lady de Lancy, of her attendance on her dying husband, Sir William de Lancy, in a peasant's cottage at Waterloo, for seven or eight days after the battle, where he had been severely wounded, and had at first been reported as killed on the spot. Lady de Lancy was a sister of Captain Basil Hall. Mr. Rogers, in a note, says that the Duke saw her narrative afterwards.

en ricochet, as it is called, and striking him on the back, sent him many yards over the head of his horse. He fell on his face, and bounded upward and fell again.

All the Staff dismounted, and ran to him; and when I came up he said, "Pray tell them to leave me, and let me die in peace."

I had him conveyed into the rear; and two days afterwards when, on my return from Brussells, I saw him in a barn, he spoke with such strength that I said, (for I had reported him among the killed) "Why, De Lancy, you will have the advantage of Sir Condy in Castle Rackrent; you will know what your friends said of you after you were dead." "I hope I shall," he replied.[3] Poor fellow! We had known each other ever

[3] The following remarks are in the original manuscript: "He said the cannon-ball was not spent, but came from quite close at hand, and could not have touched. It was the wind of the shot that wounded him, no skin being broken; and mentioned another instance of a man close beside him in the trenches at in India killed without being touched. A horse will wince when a ball makes a noise like this [imitating the sound], but when he hears it the danger is past." It does not appear clear whether the Duke was here speaking of what he saw, or was only reporting what Sir William de Lancy had said to him.

since we were boys. But I had no time to be sorry; I went on with the army and never saw him again.

When all was over, Blucher and I met at La Maison Rouge. It was midnight when he came; and riding up, he threw his arms round me, and kissed me on both cheeks as I sat in the saddle. I was then in pursuit; and, as his troops were fresh I halted mine, and left the business to him.

[In the day I was for some time encumbered with the Corps Diplomatique. They would not leave me, say what I would.] We supped afterwards together between night and morning, in a spacious tent erected in the valley for that purpose. Pozzo di Borgo was there among others; and, at my request, he sent off a messenger with the news to Ghent; where Louis XVIII. breakfasted every morning in a bow-window to the street, and where every morning the citizens assembled under it to gaze on him.

When the messenger, a Russian, entered the room with the news, the King embraced him; and all embraced him, and one another, all over the house.

An Emissary of Rothschild was in the street; and no sooner did he see these demonstrations than he took wing for London. Not a syllable escaped from his lips at Bruges, at Ostend, or at Margate; nor, till Rothschild had taken his measures on the Stock Exchange, was the intelligence communicated to Lord Liverpool.

On that day I rode Copenhagen from four in the morning till twelve at night. [And when I dismounted he threw up his heels at me as he went off.] If he fed it was on the standing corn, and as I sat in the saddle. He was a chestnut horse. [I rode him hundreds of miles in Spain and at the battle of Toulouse.] He died blind with age (28 years old) in 1835 at Strathfield Saye, where he lies buried within a ring fence.

[*Sir Henry Hardinge.*]

Before the battle of Ligny, in which I lost my arm about noon, Blucher, thinking that the French were gathering more and more against him, requested that I would go and solicit the Duke

for some assistance. I set out; but I had not proceeded far for the purpose, when I saw a party of horse coming towards me; and observing that they had short tails, I knew at once that they were English, and soon distinguished the Duke. He was on his way to the Prussian head-quarters, thinking that they might want some assistance; and he instantly gave directions for a supply of Cavalry. "How are they forming?" he inquired. "In column, not in line," I replied. "The Prussian soldier, says Blucher, will not stand in line." "Then the Artillery will play upon them and they will be beaten damnably." So they were.

"At the last Waterloo dinner, when my health was drunk as usual, and as usual I rose to return thanks, I stated briefly this occurrence, and the Duke when I alluded to it, cried "Hear, Hear." —*Sir Henry Hardinge, at Gladstone's, Saturday, June* 24, 1843.

Two days before the battle of Waterloo the Duke came in to Lady Mornington's room at Brussels, saying, "Napoleon has invaded Belgium; order horses and wait at Antwerp for further instructions."

When they were there [at Antwerp] Alava entered their room, waving a bloody handkerchief, and informed her that a Victory was gained and that they must return forthwith to Brussels.

She and her daughter had not been there [q. Brussels] half an hour when the Duke arrived, and walking up and down the apartment in a state of the greatest agitation, burst into tears, and uttered these memorable words: "The next greatest misfortune to losing a battle is to gain such a Victory as this."[1]—*Note by Samuel Rogers.*

[1] Mr. Rogers has preserved in his Common Place Book a similar remark made by the Duke at another time. "What a glorious thing must be a victory, Sir!" said * * * to the Duke. "The greatest tragedy in the world, Madam; except a defeat."

MISCELLANEOUS REMARKS AND ANECDOTES BY THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE French King, when he goes from Chapel, speaks to every body, and different rooms have different ranks.

I have often dined with the King of the Netherlands. The Northern Kings admit subjects and strangers to dine with them. The Bourbons never did, I believe, at Paris, except in my instance. At Ghent, perhaps, the Etiquette was departed from; but I believe I am the only person who has dined with Lewis XVIII. at Paris. I have dined often with him. He sat at six; and ,when dinner was announced, was wheeled in from the room in which he had received me. The table was large, and he sat between the two ladies, the Duchesses of Berri and of Angoulême. I sat between Monsieur and the Duke d'Angoulême. They were waited upon by Gentlemen—I by a servant; and, of course, best served. The dinner was exquisite. We sat down at six, and rose at seven; and then

all sat and talked with the King till eight, avoiding all political subjects. The King eat freely, but mixed water with his wine, which was champagne. The King will not now go out in the carriage but on great occasions. They have contrived a machine to lift him into it by; but his indolence, or his fear of the caricaturists, or both, keep him at home. He is fond of *mots*, and full of *esprit* rather than sensible; and did not at first consent to read the speeches prepared for him by his ministers, preferring to speak *d'abondance.—At Woburn Abbey and Apsley House, April and June,* 1821.

[The Duke of Wellington has, naturally, a great gaiety of mind; he laughs at almost everything, as if it served only to divert him. Not less remarkable is the simplicity of his manner. It is, perhaps, rather the absence of everything like affectation. In his account of himself he discovers, in no instance, the least vanity or conceit, and he listens always readily to others. His laugh is easily excited, and it is very loud and long, like the whoop of the whooping cough often repeated. S. R.]

Moscow, I am very sure, was burnt down by the irregularity of his [Buonaparte's] own soldiers. That pamphlet, published by the Governor of Moscow, states what, I am persuaded, was the truth.

If he had stopt, and had contented himself with organizing Poland, and established Poniatowski there, it had been well for him. After his Austrian marriage, Metternich was sent to Paris to see him, and to report upon his character, and to discover whether he meant to be quiet. His answer, as he told me, was in three words: "He is unaltered." He had then resolved to invade Russia.—*At Lady Shelley's, Berkeley Square*, 8 *May*, 1823.

I hear nothing by my left ear. The drum is broken, and might have been broken twenty years ago, for aught I know to the contrary. A gun discharged near me might have done it.

Strange impressions come now and then after a battle; and such came to me after the battle of Assaye in India.[1] I slept in a farm yard; and

[1] Fought September, 1803.

whenever I awaked, it struck me that I had lost all my friends, so many had I lost in that battle. Again and again, as often as I awaked, did it disturb me. In the morning I inquired anxiously after one and another; nor was I convinced that they were living till I saw them.

I speared seven or eight wild boars in a forest in Picardy—an Eastern practice. The largest struck the sole of my foot with his tusk, when I thrust my lance into his spine, and was turning my horse off at the instant, as I always did. The rest of the party set up a shout, and I believe it gave me more pleasure, this achievement, than anything I ever did in my life. Lord Hill killed one on foot, but the difficult thing was to kill one on horseback. Whoever threw the first lance into a boar claimed it as his.

Never saw but one royal tiger wild. Never at a tiger hunt.

Elephants used always in war [in India], for conveyance of stores or artillery. I had once occasion to send my men through a river upon some. A drunken soldier fell off, and was carried down by the torrent till he scrambled up a rock in the middle of the stream. I sent the elephant after

him, and with large strides he obeyed his driver. When arrived, he could not get near the rock, and he stiffened his tail to serve as a plank. The man was too drunk to avail himself of it, and the elephant seized him with his trunk, and, notwithstanding the resistance he made, and the many cuffs he gave that sensitive part, placed him on his back.—*Cassiobury, 2 and 3 Oct.* 1824.

They want me to place myself at the head of a faction, but I say to them, I have now served my Country for forty years—for twenty I have commanded her armies, and for ten I have sat in the Cabinet—and I will not now place myself at the head of a faction.

When I lay down my office to-morrow, I will go down into my County, and do what I can to restore order and peace. And in my place in Parliament, when I can, I will approve; when I cannot, I will dissent, but I will never agree to be the leader of a faction.—*At Arbuthnot's, over the fire. Sunday evening,* 21 *Nov.* 1830.[1]

[1] This was at the moment of Earl Grey's accession to office, on the resignation of the Duke of Wellington.

[Having met Lord Grey again and again at my table, and knowing our intimacy, he meant that these words should be repeated to him; and so they were, word for word, on that very night. S. R.]

Scott's Life of Napoleon is of no value. The tolerable part of it is what relates to his retreat from Moscow. I have thought much on that subject, and have made many inquiries concerning it. I gave him my papers. He has used some, not all.[2]

Wolf Tone was a most extraordinary man, and his history is the most curious history of those times.[3] With a hundred guineas in his pocket, unknown and unrecommended, he went to Paris in order to overturn the British Govern-

[2] The following note by Sir Walter Scott appears in Lockhart's Life of Scott, vi. 387. "16 Nov. 1826. At eleven, to the Duke of Wellington, who gave me a bundle of remarks on Buonaparte's Russian Campaign, written in his carriage, during his late mission to St. Petersburgh. It is furiously scrawled, and the Russian names hard to distinguish; but it *shall* do me Yeoman's service."

[3] Theobald Wolf Tone, a leading man in the Irish Rebellion in 1798.

ment in Ireland. He asked for a large force; Lord Edward Fitzgerald for a small one. Lord Edward was for assistance only, and was afraid of their control. They listened to Tone, but when their fleet arrived in Bantry Bay, the Irish would not rise to join them. Then it was, I believe, and for that purpose, that their religious feelings were worked upon; and from that time the dissension was religious. Before, it was political.—*At Talleyrand's, 13 March,* 1831.

In Poland an Army can keep the field from June till February. In February the thaw begins, and the rivers become impassable; nor are they navigable till June. In that interval, too, the roads are axle-deep. Diebitsch[1] began in February [1831], urged on, probably, by the Emperor; and, failing in his first attempt, was obliged to throw his troops into cantonments. These the Poles attacked, with a terrible slaughter. Diebitsch must have lost there above 30,000

[1] Field Marshal Diebitsch, the commander of the Russian forces against the Poles in 1831.

[2] July 1831. The Polish Revolution was finally put down by the Russians in September 1831.

men. The Russians will now,[2] I think, settle the matter; and yet a revolutionary war is the most difficult to manage of any. Military tactics are there of little service.

The Poles, I think, have no chance if the Russian army is true; and it is only when in their quarters that troops grow mutinous and desert; not in the field.

Buonaparte began his campaign there [in Poland] in June, when he fought the battle that ended in the Peace of Tilsit.[3] He was slow in Paris, but swift enough when he took the field. —*July* 5, 1831.

A tax on the transfer of stock was three times proposed to me from Cambridge by a Professor. I sent them the clause in the Act of Parliament against it, and heard no more of it.—*Apsley House. March* 1, 1832.

On the 18th June, 1832—Monday—I rode to Pistrucci, in the Mint. He had made a bust of me, but wished for another sitting. So I went without giving him notice, on that day at

[3] The Treaty of Tilsit was concluded 1 July, 1807.

9 o'clock, and mounted my horse at half past 10 to leave him; when I found a crowd at the gate, and several groaned and hooted. Some cried, "Buonaparte for ever!" I rode on at a gentle pace, but they followed me. Soon a magistrate (Ballantine) came and offered his services. I thanked him, but said I thought I should get on very well. The noise increased, and two old soldiers, Chelsea Pensioners, came up to me. One of them said he had served under me for many a day, and I said to him, "Then keep close to me now;" and I told them to walk on each side; and whenever we stopt, to place themselves, each with his back against the flank of my horse. Not long afterwards I saw a Policeman making off, and I knew it must be to the next station for assistance. I sent one of my Pensioners after him; and presently we got another Policeman. We then did pretty well, till I reached Lincoln's Inn, where I had to call at an Attorney's Chambers [Maule's]. Sugden and many others came out of the Chancery Court to accompany me, and a large reinforcement of Police came from Bow Street.[1] The

[1] This adventure is told in the Annual Register, and in

conduct of the Citizens affected me not a little. Many came out of the shops to ask me in. Many ladies in their carriages were in tears, and many waved their handkerchiefs from the windows, and pointed downwards to ask me in.

I came up Holborn by the advice of a man with a red cape. At first I thought it might be a snare, but found him to be a City Marshall. I was forty minutes in coming from the Mint to Lincoln's Inn. A young man in a buggy did me great service, flanking me for some time, and never looking towards me for any notice.—*At my house, Friday, June* 22, [q. 1832.]

The French in Algeria should have done as we have done in India. They should have respected everywhere private property, and the customs and habits of the people. They have intro-

the newspapers of the day, with the omission of several of the details. The Annual Register states that the Duke took shelter in the chambers of Sir Charles Wetherell, in Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, until a body of police arrived. Wetherell had been Attorney-General under the Duke's Government in 1828, and perhaps it is to him the Duke referred, as "an Attorney;" or he may have had to call on Mr. Maule, then Solicitor to the Treasury, whose chambers were also in Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn.

duced a system of spoliation and plunder, that sets every man against them; a system that is now too strong to be checked by the Government at home. They parcel out the land, planting wheat where there was rice, and changing the face of the Country. Their soldiers, too, I suspect, are not what they were.

What is that rara avis—Common Sense? It is, I believe, a good understanding, moderated and modulated by a good heart.—*Ellis's Hotel, March* 20, 1838.

[As he said these words his voice dropped, and I never knew him speak with more feeling. S. R.]

Clausel made no mistake at Constantine. The failure was occasioned by the badness of his army. He could not depend upon his Officers; they were so worthless a set.—21 *July*, 1838.

The Chinese show more sense and knowledge than I thought they possessed. They reason well, and they fight our ships better than I thought they would. But of this I am sure, we must make them sensible of our Power. They

are now constructing vast gongs, and preparing to frighten us with terrifying noises. The Portuguese ordered their soldiers to attack us with ferocious countenances. — *At Lord Wilton's, June 5*, 1840.

I was on my way to Fontainebleau with Charles X, then Monsieur, and the Duke of Fitzjames, when passing in the carriage through the Street in which Henri IV. had been assassinated; and Charles pointed out to me the very place where, according to tradition, it had happened. Charles spoke of him with great admiration, and dwelt much on his merit in changing his religion for the good of his country, contrasting his conduct with that of James II. Fitzjames of course took the part of his ancestor, and long was the argument, while I sat still, leaving the combatants to themselves. At last they came to the same opinion, agreeing that Henry was right in becoming a Catholic, and James in continuing one.

Had Cæsar's Commentaries with me in India, and learnt much from them, fortifying my camp every night as he did. I passed over the rivers

as he did, by means of baskets and boats of basket-work; only I think I improved upon him, constructing them into bridges, and always fortifying them, and leaving them guarded, to return by them if necessary.—24 *Nov.* 1840.

He [the Duke] had a high idea of Moore's[1] talents, and always said that all he wanted was practice in the command of a large body of troops. At the treaty of Cintra[2] he said to Moore, "You and I, Moore, are now the only men; and if you are to command, I am ready to serve under you." *Told me by Arbuthnot, at Becket's, Downing Street, Nov.* 14, 1826. *S. R.*

Walking some years ago [about 1838 or 1839] through the park with the Duke of Wellington, I [S.R.] said to him, among other things, "What an array there is in the House of Commons against Lord John Russell;—Peel, Stanley, Graham, &c.!" "Lord John is a Host in Himself."

[1] Sir John Moore. He fell gloriously under the walls of Corunna on 16 January, 1809.

[2] The convention of Cintra was concluded on 22 Aug. 1808.

It was in vain that the Duke of Wellington said, "You must not cross the Indus! For, sure as you are to conquer, you can no where establish yourselves." We crossed it, and go where we would, disaster followed us wherever we went. Yet never to the last has he suffered the least allusion to it in Parliament. "Were the subject to be revived it would lessen," he says, "in the eyes of all Europe." And when Sir James Graham gave notice of a motion concerning it, he sent his friend Arbuthnot to say to him, "You must not make it."

THE END.

CHISWICK PRESS:—PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM,
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

00066462

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 04 April, 2016